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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Yule log came into its own again this Christmas, for unless they had a log many London households were compelled to go without a fire. When the coal mines were closed and coal was rationed, there was always enough and to spare; the coal-carts thrust their wares upon us. Now that the mines are working again and rationing has ended, the supply ceases. It is the latest and sourest joke of that bitter jester, the coal industry. The mutual recriminations of the railway companies and the coal merchants make it no easier to bear. As between the merchants' complaint that the railways failed to produce the coal, and the companies' allegation that the coal was there but the merchants would not take it, the only comment is that someone is not speaking the truth. No doubt, with the falling prices, many merchants are selling at a loss. But why not? Are they to be the only people associated with this inefficient industry who never suffer the logical results of its defects?

Last week an officer of the French Army of Occupation named Rouzier was acquitted by French court-martial at Landau on a charge

of murdering a German civilian at Germerheim. Six Germans, tried with him, on charges of "insulting behaviour" and "glaring at close quarters with intent to intimidate," were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Instantly German public opinion flared up in indignation; the German Press was unanimous; official protests were lodged; and on Christmas Eve President Doumergue issued a decree of pardon and the prisoners were released. But the damage has been done. The laborious work of statesmen and diplomatists, building a bridge between France and Germany, has been seriously damaged in a single day. M. Briand's policy of *rapprochement* has active enemies in France, and though their triumph was momentary it has done harm. One good thing may come of the incident, for it has strengthened the agitation against continued occupation of the Rhineland. The next step towards European "normalcy" must be, and can only be, evacuation.

In one way it might almost be argued that Signor Mussolini has done more than anyone else to consolidate peace in Europe. His speeches, far more than economic or sentimental persuasions, have brought France and Germany together.

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Turkey has made friends with her traditional enemy, Russia, in order to have support should Italy declare war on her. And now even Yugoslavia is busy negotiating with Moscow, as a direct result of the Italo-Albanian treaty. This last achievement is quite remarkable, for there was no country in Europe, not excluding Poland, where hostility to Bolshevism was so acute. There are even towns, in Yugoslavia, built by Russian refugees of the old regime, and Belgrade has steadfastly refused to have any communication with Moscow. Now that M. Pashitch is dead, there is every possibility of a strong new pan-Slav movement which, by stretching from the Baltic to the Adriatic, may alter entirely the political balance of Europe.

After a good deal of shilly-shallying the United States Government has intervened forcibly in the affairs of Nicaragua. President Diaz, of that small republic, and Dr. Sacasa, the Liberal leader, have been at loggerheads for some time, and now the White House has come down heavily on the side of Diaz, while Mexico is backing Sacasa. Admiral Latimer, of the United States Navy, has landed marines, and has "established a neutral zone for the purpose of protecting American and foreign lives and property." Already Central American opinion is seriously alarmed. In its steady expansion southwards, the United States only a week ago acquired a new island from Panama, and now follows the appearance of marines in Nicaragua. Various motives are being assigned to the Nicaraguan intervention: it is put down to a desire for territorial and political expansion, to the dividend hunting of mahogany merchants and the monopoly hunting of oil magnates, and to the desire to force a war on Mexico with more oil in the background. The first question which Mr. Kellogg will have to answer is posed by the Senate, which is asking for the names of the American citizens Admiral Latimer is protecting.

The armed intervention in Nicaragua comes immediately after the United States Treaty with Panama. By the terms of this treaty whenever the United States is at war Panama is automatically at war too. It is a defensive, and might be used as an aggressive, military alliance and Panama will violate the Covenant of the League as soon as it ratifies the treaty. For Panama is a member of the League and has already pledged itself to submit all disputes to some form of arbitration. This new treaty is in direct violation of that pledge. Certain usually well-informed sections of the Press have taken the opportunity of pointing out that this is of no consequence, because the writ of the League does not run in South America owing to the Monroe Doctrine, and that the Covenant of the League expressly admits that it does not in any way affect the validity of the Doctrine. This idea is wrong, and is based on the common error that the League is a European institution. It is, of course, a world institution. If a dispute arose in South America the League would ask the other South American States to settle it. It would not ask European or

Asiatic States to intervene. Thus the Monroe Doctrine would be unharmed, yet the League's writ would run.

The Emperor of Japan died on Christmas Day at the early age of forty-seven. This country is in general profoundly ignorant of politics and persons in Japan, and almost the only thing which could be found in the obituary notices has been that the Emperor was "a very enlightened man." The evidence always given of his enlightenment is that he sent both his sons to Europe, not, perhaps, in itself a convincing proof of enlightenment. But the Emperor Yoshihito must have other claims to respect and fame. He succeeded a great man in his father, who had guided the destinies of Japan through the difficult and dangerous time of transition from medievalism to modernity, who had taken the great hazard of the Russian war, and had secured an amazing personal hold over his people. It is always hard to follow such a man, but Yoshihito carried on the work of transformation with prudence and caution. He also took a great risk in declaring against Germany so early in 1914. The official name of the era of his successor is to be the Era of World Peace and Prosperity. We trust it may be made retrospective to the Japanese Naval Estimates of last month.

It is early to judge of the practical value of wireless telephony between London and New York. Business hours in the two cities overlap only over a short period of our afternoon, and that may limit the use of the new facilities. A good deal will also depend on the liberality with which the authorities act on the principle of a rebate or refund when meteorological conditions are too bad for effective communication. We must not anticipate general eagerness to talk to New York at £5 a minute, with a minimum charge of £15, or constant success in attempts to do so. But the remoter possibilities of the innovation are immense. We shall not be so Victorian as to assume that when all men are neighbours they will act in a truly neighbourly spirit, but it is something that two vast bodies of English-speaking people should be brought within hail of each other.

It was quite exciting to read in Wednesday's *Daily Mail* of the boom in the iron and steel trades; it was pleasant to be told that something else was booming besides newspaper shares. There have never been so many orders since 1920, it appears. But we must confess to a certain distrust of these booms discovered by the Press Lords, and the casual admission, a little further down the column, that this industry was one of the first to be closed down by the coal strike, rather effectively took the gilt off the gingerbread. After five or six months of complete inaction, it would be an odd thing if they had not some extra orders to deal with just now. There is, in fact, nothing much to get excited about, after all. But Lord Rothermere seems to have caught the virus

from his colleague-competitor, Lord Beaverbrook, who must weekly discover a trade boom or burst.

A very pretty quarrel is working up about the pronunciation of Latin. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the attack upon the new pronunciation has been finally repulsed by the defeat of the condemnatory resolution proposed at the Headmasters' Conference at Brighton. The battle has only begun. *The Times*, in a leading article, has come down heavily on the side of the old (or anglicized) style, and in these matters *The Times* is a redoubtable ally. Eton has returned to the old system (which is really the newer of the two), and at Westminster, though the classes are conducted in the new pronunciation, the old has been preferred for the Westminster Play in order that visitors may understand the puns. It is a little difficult to see why this should be necessary. In any case the net result is Babel, and it is very much to be hoped, now that battle has been joined, that victory will declare itself decisively for one side or the other, so that uniformity may be restored.

The cinema badly needed cheering up, and our only comment upon Mr. Shaw's decision to appear personally in a "talking-film" version of 'Saint Joan' is that his debut has been delayed too long. The next move lies with Mr. Arnold Bennett. In the meantime it is interesting to note Mr. Shaw's opinion that the "talking-film" will "eventually render the stage obsolete." People are always saying that kind of thing about the stage—and the Church. Yet both persist. After all, music has survived the gramophone, and art has survived photography. The "talking-film" will probably not abolish anything, except, apparently, Mr. Shaw's earlier refusal to traffic with the cinema.

There is one point about the memorandum of the professors of Columbia University on war debts which seems to have escaped general attention, and this is the effect the memorandum has had in France. The importance, or rather the influence, of these gentlemen has been grossly exaggerated, with the result that the Marin group of the Poincaré Cabinet is more opposed than ever to a ratification of the Mellon-Béranger agreement. This is unfortunate, for acute politicians in this country and in France are beginning to realize that within the next five years German payments under the Dawes scheme are likely to break down—for it seems incredible that Germany will continue to hand over so much of her annual revenue for many years to come—and that, if the United States insists on collecting war debts, the odium should rest on her instead of on the intermediary countries such as Great Britain and, to a lesser degree, France. For this reason France would be well advised to pay little attention to the Columbia manifesto, which can have no tangible results, and more to the importance of having a clear conscience in the matter of war debts.

An amusing story is current about the League of Nations' projected new building at Geneva. The League Secretariat is to change its house.

Some time ago the League asked the architects of the world to submit plans and offered a substantial reward for the winner. The specifications, bird's-eye views, elevations, and all details were sent in fifty-six large packets to the fifty-six members. Fifty-five arrived safely, but one was held up at the frontier. The Customs House official had been taught in his newspapers for months and years that the League was of no account and quite unnecessary to the welfare of his country, so he very naturally threw aside a package marked with the ridiculous words "Société des Nations." It lay in the Customs House for six weeks and was then, by some mischance, discovered. Instantly an appeal was lodged with the League for an extension of the time limit for the architects' competition. After three days' debate in secret session the Council rejected the appeal. It is only fair to add that the defeated delegate said good-humouredly, "If the new building is as stuffy as the old, it won't be Italy's fault."

The Indian National Congress at Gauhati has passed, as everyone expected it would pass, the resolution binding its adherents to refuse office until "the national demand" has been met by Great Britain. Nevertheless it is slightly less bellicose than the Congress of 1925, in that it has dropped the policy of mass civil disobedience to the Government. The resolutions of the Congress, however, take little or no account of the most important fact in the Indian situation—the persistence of strife between Hinduism and Mohammedanism. We would not ascribe to a whole community the act of an individual, but the recent murder of a well-known ascetic and reformer who was actively concerned for the reconversion of Mohammedans of remote Hindu origin is extremely significant. The saint has always been sacred in India, even in the fiercest religious disputes. But the rival religious movements of the last few years have at length produced an atmosphere when the saint of one religion can be made the victim of the other. Such a murder would have been impossible a decade ago.

The Air Ministry must have given a considerable fillip to the sales of chewing-gum in this country by its official advice to airmen to chew gum when flying high. As a matter of fact, however, the ugly habit was already well established here. Tradesmen report a regular sale to a small but steadily growing circle of customers. The only difference between English and American chewers seems to be that the former are still rather ashamed of it, and prefer to do their chewing at home instead of in the street. The successful introduction of the habit into England is another proof of the tremendous power of advertising. It is absurd to suppose that anyone was intellectually convinced of the value of the practice by a poster drawing of a smiling girl who is made to suggest that much chewing has turned her teeth white. Yet it sold the gum. The horrid truth is that almost any kind of advertising will sell almost anything—as long as there is enough of it.

THE OUTLOOK FOR 1927

THE outlook for the New Year is good in this sense, that while the constitution of the patient is as sound as ever we have now diagnosed his temporary malady and can begin curative treatment in earnest. The principal political work in the coming year will be legislation to make trade unionism safe for democracy. At present, as last year showed, it is in the power of a small minority to misrepresent the vast majority of unionists and to force their virtues under the yoke of a political theory which makes no pretence of furthering the welfare of their industry, is sometimes openly revolutionary in its objects, and in its origins is an alien which has never troubled to naturalize itself. Mr. Baldwin well said at the end of last session that the most tragic thing in the recent strike was the thought of all the constancy and endurance of the miners being exploited and traded upon by incompetent and in some ways insincere leadership. It is for the unions themselves to reform their internal constitutions, but Governments can take certain obvious precautions to stop intimidation and to prevent mere sectional interest from rising up in rebellion against the general welfare. The Government has given us no information about the details of its proposals, but unless we are much mistaken their scope has greatly enlarged with reflection. It is no mere reform in trade union law that the Government has now in mind, but the projection of a new policy of industrial peace at home analogous to the securities for industrial peace laid down in the Covenant of the League of Nations. It is one of the paradoxes of Labour thought that it preaches the doctrine of social and industrial strife almost in the same breath as it denounces the cruelty and wickedness of war between nations. International war, in the view of Labour extremists, is to be suspended only that civil war may flourish. But the Government wants peace abroad not least in order that there may be peace at home.

The prospects of international peace have never been better. We pointed out last week how completely the whole spirit of European foreign policy has changed as a result of the war and how China, which used to excite aggression and cupidity, has now become an example of a new tolerance and sympathy. The Christmas Day Memorandum by the Foreign Office on our policy in China has supplied unexpectedly early and complete justification of that view. It will become a classic document of the new international spirit and it fitly concludes a year already made notable by the entry of Germany into the League of Nations. We comment more fully on the Memorandum in another leading article. One of the big international events of the year will be the conference on Disarmament probably in July next. There has been surprisingly little discussion as yet in this country of a question which before the end of the year may assume very great importance, and we should like to feel assured that a definitely English school of thought is forming upon it. For our problem of disarmament is unlike that of any other country. In Europe armies are the first line of defence against invasion, and increased political security makes possible great military reductions and even the neutraliza-

tion of whole frontiers. But our army apart from our small expeditionary force is a police force and its size is independent of the state of politics. Our navy again is our first line of defence, but not the least of its duties is to preserve the law of the seas and in that respect it may be regarded as an international force and a maritime mandatory of the League. Only in the air is our position analogous to that of the European Powers and in the air our frontiers are longer and more exposed than those of any other Power. Clearly no satisfactory solution is to be reached along the conventional lines of European thought, and unless we can develop some definite principle of our own applicable to our special conditions we are in danger of either doing less than justice to our own security or of seeming to be unsympathetic towards this great problem of disarmament.

Apart from the troubles in China, it looks as if the chief difficulties of the Foreign Office this year will be here. The reputation alike of the Government and of the country will depend in great measure on its courage and on its power to think out an enlightened but independent national policy. The emotion aroused by the Locarno Pact has subsided and the criticism is now heard that it provides for the safety of France and Germany without affording any corresponding guarantees for our own security. The criticism is just, and we must be careful not to give further point to it by a reduction of armaments on a purely arithmetical basis. What we should like to see is a complete neutralization of the upper reaches of the air over the whole of Central and Western Europe so as to make bombing operations on open towns an offence against the law of nations; and secondly a recognition of the British Navy for what it is, the police force of international law on the high seas. But the working out of these principles into an international policy is a task of great delicacy, and success or failure may make 1927 a decisive year in the history of national defence and of the foreign policy which is the reverse of the same problem.

At home there is the corresponding problem to which we have already alluded of re-establishing the conditions of social and industrial peace. It cannot be solved, any more than the international problem, on sentimental lines and a weak or timid measure will arouse just as much opposition without mobilizing the vast support that will rally to a bold and consistent measure of reform. No legitimate power or privilege of trade combinations, whether of masters or men, should be touched, but any section which asserts the right to blockade the whole country by a general strike or by a national strike in a key industry will only succeed in popularizing a Government which boldly champions the general and neutral interest. If the Government has the courage to challenge the issue on these broad lines, it will not only do a great service to industrial peace but (a small matter by comparison, but still important) it will enforce the prestige that it enjoyed after the general strike and incidentally help all the causes which are bound up with Conservatism.

The most interesting detailed suggestions for what will be the chief piece of legislation in the year seem to be those made by a correspondent of the *Yorkshire Post*. Before a strike can acquire

a legal status he would make resort to arbitration obligatory; and if there is a doubt about the acceptance of the reward he would have a ballot of the members conducted, not by the union, but by a public authority on terms of reference drawn up by the arbitral board. Presumably the same procedure would apply to lock-outs with the necessary modifications, and it would probably be found wise to invoke this machinery only in disputes on a national scale and to leave small local disputes to settle themselves. It is certain that there can be no permanent peace in the country so long as any sectional organization is in a position to treat the rest of the country as a hostile power and to assert its will by a species of pacific blockade. With this principle established beyond a peradventure, there will be a chance for that new spirit of co-operation in industry of which we hear so much and see so little.

The other great issue of the year will be national economy and the reduction of taxation. It is generally recognized that finance is crucial to the fortunes of the Conservative Party, for without a serious reduction in the scale of taxation the policy of any future Labour Government is almost inevitably driven to revolutionary methods of finance. It cannot be too clearly recognized that with the decay of the Liberal Party there is no alternative to Conservatism but a Labour Government, and the higher the scale of taxation remains the greater the financial dangers of that alternative. Increasingly we doubt whether reduction of expenditure on a large scale is possible and whether the only means of securing relief from our burdens may not be in the increase of revenue. Protection has its attractions not merely or so much as a means of fostering industries that are in danger, but as a source of revenue of which the whole burden may not be borne by the present taxpayers.

But even Conservatives, if they are in earnest in maintaining that the present scale of taxation by increasing costs of production is decreasing our competitive power in foreign markets, may ultimately be driven to profitable forms of State enterprise if only as a means of raising revenue otherwise than by taxation. Hopeless in competitive and productive enterprise, of which individual energy and ingenuity are the life, may there not conceivably be something to be said for it even on Conservative principles in the merely distributive branches of industry? These are speculations that are not likely to take shape this year, or indeed at all except as a means of producing revenue, but they obtrude themselves even on the most obstinate individualistic thinking when it gives itself seriously to the possibilities of reducing the burden of taxation. The strain of the Napoleonic wars was eased not so much by the diminution of expenditure as by the increase of wealth which made formerly intolerable burdens seem light. Indeed, the increase of wealth from private or public revenues is the only way in which any great war is ever paid for, except by the methods of financial revolution and dishonour. Altogether, the political outlook for 1927 is big with possibilities, both at home and abroad. In twelve months' time the life of the present Government will be drawing to a close. What will be the verdict?

COMMON SENSE IN CHINA

NO time has been lost in publishing the British Memorandum on China. This document was circulated to the representatives of the other Powers in Peking on December 18 and was published a week later. The policy outlined in it is bold, simple, wise and statesmanlike. It recognizes facts and faces them. It does not minimize the difficulties or exaggerate the dangers. The Memorandum is a long one, but the policy is brief and simple.

First, it recommends that the Powers should agree to the immediate and unconditional grant of the Washington surtaxes; that these surtaxes should be levied without foreign control and without guarantees. This is a wide divergence from the Washington Treaties, but the Memorandum frankly recognizes that the strict application of these treaties is impossible. Secondly, it invites the other Powers to join in a declaration expressing readiness to negotiate on Treaty Revision and all outstanding disputed points with any Government that may arise with power to negotiate on behalf of China. The third main recommendation is that China's right to tariff independence should be recognized as soon as she herself draws up a new national tariff; and finally, the Memorandum appeals to the Powers not to stand too rigidly upon their treaty rights and not to register protests at every minor infringement of them. Some of these rights were acquired in one-sided treaties over fifty years ago. These treaties are to be revised some time in the near future as everyone agrees; why not therefore try to act almost as if the revision had taken place and not as if the situation were the same to-day as in 1880? That is the gist of the British appeal.

Its reception has been mixed. In some quarters it has aroused admiration and enthusiasm, notably in Belgium, and to a lesser extent in the United States. No official statement has been issued in Rome, but in general Italian opinion is approving. On the other hand, France is not likely either to be moved to admiration by the liberality nor to action by the common sense of the policy. The attitude of the Quai d'Orsay is one of extreme caution. Passive inertia is the order of the day. M. Briand is reported to be working on the minds of his colleagues with the magic words "A Far Eastern Locarno," but his incantations have so far had no results. The policy has had a cool welcome in Japan. Japanese interests, lying in the north of China, are different from the interests of the other Powers, and Tokio is anxious not to make any move which would involve the recognition of the Cantonese, or Southern, Government. The British Memorandum, in urging negotiation with any Government that arises to represent China, is opening the door to the recognition of the Cantonese as the *de facto* rulers of China. Japan is hardly likely to accept this so long as there is the slightest chance of the northern armies ultimately emerging victorious, or even partially victorious to the extent of retaining their grip on the north and partitioning the country. The northern leader, Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the protégé of Japan, has been sent flying headlong to Peking by the Memorandum to try to reorganize the Peking

Cabinet. But the Marshal's idea of reorganization apparently is to take the puppets of the previous Cabinet, shuffle them about, and call them a stable Government. He will not gain much by this from any of the Powers, but he will continue to have the backing of Japan so long as he is prepared to go on fighting.

The Memorandum has not been received at all well in Canton and Hankow, although no official statement has yet been made. One of the objections made is that it does not specifically recognize the Cantonese Government. Another is that it would allow the Northerners just as much freedom to collect the surtaxes as it would the Southerners. Marshal Chang is said already to have made the same complaint from a slightly different angle. The objections of the Cantonese must, of course, be somewhat discounted by the fact that they are Orientals, and therefore unable to see the difference between a bargaining ground and a firm offer. They will at first regard the British Memorandum as the minimum that Britain will offer and not as the maximum. When it becomes clear that Britain has said her last word and not her first, opinions may change.

In the meantime Karakhan is hastening to join the Southerners at their temporary capital at Tonchang. As official Ambassador to China, the Soviet envoy is ostentatiously ignoring Peking and making straight for the south in order to show the world that Soviet Russia, at any rate, recognizes the *de facto* and *de jure* rulers of China. Karakhan is alleged, of course, to be carrying the inevitable bag of gold which all Soviet envoys are reputed to carry, and he will assuredly throw his full weight into the scale against Britain. But what that full weight amounts to is another matter. Karakhan is not a very able man. His good looks once provoked Tchicherin to call him The Beautiful Donkey, a name that has stuck to him. He will certainly have great influence with the Cantonese so long as they want Soviet help in their struggle. But if and when the struggle for a Nationalist China is won, it is very doubtful if the Nationalists will have any further use for the tools with which they fought. The *de facto* recognition of Canton may well prove the end of Karakhan and his influence. The next move is with the Powers.

THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR

BY ERNEST DIMNET

Princeton, December 16

THE scene is the Graduate School at Princeton University, Cram's masterpiece. Tea is served in a subterranean but exquisite room, between the very foundations of that Cleveland Tower which has a better right to be called a poem in stone than many buildings thus raised from matter to spirit. The people present, beside myself, are a Washington young matron of the approved type, a burly Philadelphian, and two Princeton professors whose wives are busy chatting in the next room, where a few rare prints are exhibited. I have just produced a clipping from a New York newspaper and point out to the Washington lady the concluding line of the article: "M. Claudel is also said to have obtained recognition as a poet." It reminds me of Saint Simon's cele-

brated reference to Voltaire: "A certain Arouet, son of an attorney who, indeed, was my father's attorney, and who is said to have made something like a name for himself in the Republic of Letters." We all laugh with the exception of the Philadelphia gentleman.

The Washington Lady.—I am so glad France is sending somebody worth while, but especially a man who possesses his nation's capacity for literature. I have not read his plays but I have ordered them, and I am sure I shall like them. Lucia N. says he is a great Catholic, something like Belloc and Chesterton rolled up in one, with a dash of Coventry Patmore or Francis Thompson, and his plays are not at all what we expect French plays to be. But a Frenchman should be a good Catholic. M. Daeschner was not, and I wonder if that was why he always looked melancholy. M. Jusserand was one, and used to tell charming stories about an old priest who taught him at school. Oh! what a *raconteur* he was!

Well, perhaps M. Claudel is an extremist; that would make him the more interesting. If only his name were M. de Claudel and one could figure him out as the impoverished but romantic owner of one of those stunning chateaux in Dordogne! Such a man, of course, *ought* to be an extremist. How can you be born in a battlemented tower and be just an ordinary person with the ordinary views? But the French Government does not like aristocrats. I knew M. de Chambrun would not come. Such a dear! Just a boy. Everybody would have been crazy to play with him. In fact, it does not matter who France sends so long as it is not a business man or a financier like Caillaux. We just want a real Frenchman, a man with wit and charm; and he should not know English too well. I always prick up my ears when I hear French spoken in the next room in a certain delightful way.

Well, when is M. Claudel coming? Sixteenth Street is not itself when the French Embassy looks empty. I don't see why anybody should be sticking in Siam instead of being fêted in Washington. Oh! I beg your pardon. Paul Morand is or was in Siam. *Rien que la Terre!* What does it mean?

Philadelphian.—I don't know what it means, I am sure, and I don't care. Your Paul Morand is another of those birds who pretend to do one thing and, all the time, do another. They call themselves diplomats and they write Catholic highfalutin or filth. It makes me sick. What's your job? In other terms, what are you paid for? Well, do that. I would not offend you, Madam, but people in Washington have a notion that their city is all America. I am as proud of Washington as any American ought to be, but D.C. is a pretty poor lot of real estate compared to the United States, even compared to my own State, which I am not boosting all the time. And if the French, or any other nation, for the matter of that, send Ambassadors to Washington and not to America, they will get left, I can tell you.

What's the outlook just now? Is it business or is it not? Business it is, and not looking pretty. Isn't the blamed debt question the whole thing? Those people have got to say yes or no, and pretty quick too. And your man ought to be alert and wide awake. Two years ago it looked like cancellation and everybody in the Street said so, now it looks like ratification and no time should be wasted. You don't realize that money is waiting, millions and billions, waiting in suspense. Winston was right in what he said at Saint Louis: we're dying to help, that is to say, in plain American-English, we're dying to get rid of idle capital. Let the collateral be found, that is to say, ratification and stabilization, and the floodgates will be opened towards France as they were, in 1923, towards Germany. We'll be glad and they ought to be glad, in spite of Clemenceau's nonsense about financial slavery and such stuff.

Coolidge was right too at Kansas City when he

said that America was the banker, and it was good for everybody if the banker was well off. That's sound business and not, as the Pig Woman said, talk, talk, chatter, chatter. If your Claudel understands that, let him come and be quick about it. If he only means to do business *à la* Otto Kahn over Theatre Guilds and Little Theatre nonsense, he'd better stay in Japan and look at the cherry blossoms.

First Princeton Professor.—Professor Smith here ought to be able to tell you about M. Claudel. He was in Tokyo at the time of the earthquake and has only just returned.

Second Princeton Professor.—Well, that is true, and it is true too that I have seen M. Claudel twice, the first time at one of the Bishop's receptions when we talked about symbolism, and the second time at his office where I had to see him about an arrangement concerning the hospital. I never saw two people look more different than Claudel the *littérateur* and Claudel the diplomat. It's like seeing Sothorn as Shylock after seeing him as Romeo. I was perfectly amazed. I am sure you will like him, Mrs. Donne, but you will not play with him. As for you, Brown, you will be interested to know that Claudel was raised from the Consular to the Diplomatic Service, not on account of his books, but because of a certain epoch-making report on German commerce, which he drew up when he was French Consul at Hamburg.

THE BOTTLE HABIT

BY A DOCTOR

"THE Bottle Habit" has become something very like a national vice. Hundreds of thousands of people are not happy if there is not at least one bottle of medicine—to be emptied regularly—in the house. The baby has his bottle of medicine; father has his; aunt Maria has two, with a box of "wind pills" as well. Only mother manages to get along without. She is not "on the Panel," and half-crowns are not plentiful. But she would like to have a bottle, and she is envious. Her envy is plain to everybody, for she is so very scornful of her man's habit of medicine swallowing. "Rotting your inside out with all them messes," is how she puts it; but she deceives nobody. She will enjoy a full-flavoured bottle as well as anyone when she gets the chance. It is the same almost everywhere. People crave for medicine, and they get it. They demand it even for a sprained ankle. In the Back Streets they prefer it nasty, and out of a bottle. In the Front Streets the fashion of the moment calls for elegant tablets, or little doses from a hypodermic syringe at round about a guinea a time. Dead germs and water—that is, vaccines—are popular and expensive; and the makers of vaccines wax fat. And why not? Something mysterious out of a bottle or a squirt is comforting, even when quite inert.

Disease, to the layman, is tinged with mystery. The doctor is the man who has been taught how to deal with mysteries. Even his prescription is a thing of cabalistic marks, to be read and understood only by the initiated. His jargon is stiff with mystery. If encouraged, he will spit out a string of long, incomprehensible, and very comforting words, and will enjoy doing it, just as medieval bishops enjoyed spitting out anathemas. And why shouldn't he? The long words make him seem learned, and the poor man has to live. Without his mysteries he would be a pricked bubble—a dispenser of the obvious. So he talks incomprehensibly, and makes up, and charges for, his bottle.

But the doctor is changing his ways. Here and there a man may be encountered who is bold enough to assert that unrestricted bottle emptying, or indiscriminate vaccine administration, is foolish, when it is not

actually dangerous. He points out that health depends, not upon the consumption of drugs, but upon rational living and careful observation of the facts of life—and death. He is scornful of the old-fashioned diagnosis, "a touch of liver," "disordered stomach" and all the rest of it. He points out that disease is due, in the main, to the assaults of external enemies—germs; to the upsetting of the relations between various queer glands—endocrines; to wilful self-poisoning—over-eating, over-drinking, and so on. He suggests that to counter any of these by consuming bottles of medicine is futile. He is prepared to suggest a better way; but, more often than not, people refuse to listen. If he is a Panel Doctor he runs the risk of losing his practice, for the average Panel Patient considers himself defrauded if he does not get the ample supply of medicine to which he feels entitled, and changes his doctor promptly when a prescription is denied him. If he is a Non-Panel Doctor he does not lose his practice; but he does lose the patients who will pay him. In their place he gathers round him a circle of Truth Seekers who regard him as something of a genius, but find themselves unable to pay his bills.

It is very difficult for a doctor (of the general practitioner brand) to be honest. Unhappily for him, his predecessors have taught their patients that salvation lies in drugs. His patients continue to believe this. He knows that, while certain drugs are invaluable (usually the drugs that his predecessors shied at) the habit of indiscriminate bottle supplying is flagrantly harmful. But what can he do? The papers, daily and weekly, print advertisements which flaunt before the eyes of a credulous public every sort of promise of a cure for everything. "Zig-zog" will cure cancer, tubercle, housemaid's knee and most other ills. It is also useful for cleaning brass and brown shoes. "Bim" is invaluable for rupture and pains in the back. "Doctor Zadok's Magic Ring" is a specific for gout, pains in the head, and "that tired feeling." People read and believe. They send their postal orders, and they drink their Zig-zog and Bim; they wear Doctor Zadok's queer jewellery. And all the time diagnosis, accurate diagnosis, the only thing that can lead to the removal of an ill already present, is ignored.

But there is a ray of hope. The authorities are stirring themselves. To them it is abundantly clear that the British habit of bottle emptying is costing too much; and where the cost comes out of the public purse they are taking action. They are making inquiry; they are surcharging Panel Doctors whose drug bills seem extravagant. They are more than justified. The amount spent on drugs and dispensing under the Insurance Acts is stupendous, and much of that expenditure is sheer waste. Expensive doses of medicine are thrown down the sink, so that the bottle may be refilled more often. Much money goes in bottles of medicine that are entirely unnecessary, such as the quite useless bottle supplied to the man with a sprained ankle or broken leg. Still more goes in bottles supplied to the patient whose case requires a little analysis, a little thought, a few simple directions, and no medicine. But a prescription is so much less trouble; and it is what the patient, often ignorant, asks for.

Is a doctor justified in just writing a prescription; is he doing his job when he is content to hand over a prescription, and nothing but a prescription? Is he playing the game when he acquiesces in his patient's suggestion that Zig-zog is a potent remedy, guaranteed to cure every ill? Surely not. The Medical Profession is not yet wholly commercialized; and, until it is, its function is not to give the public what it wants, but what it needs. "The Bottle Habit" is a mischievous habit which must be broken. Doctors can do much towards breaking it, but they will not see any great results if they do not have the support of intelligent lay people.

TWENTY—SEVEN

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

"NO ONE ever regarded the First of January with indifference," Lamb tells us in his 'New Year's Eve.' That may be, but I think that some of us come pretty near to it. I for one am not swept away on any tide of emotion on the evening of December the thirty-first or the morning of January the first. The passing-bell of the Old Year does not bring tears to my eyes, and the jubilant clang of the New Year does not find me trembling with hope and wonder. It is not that I am a man of iron, unvisited by such emotions. A shower of dead leaves may suddenly bring me face to face with old years innumerable, and there will return the mournful pageant of old scenes, vanished faces and lost dreams, and as it sweeps past I shall feel that there is nothing left for me but the long groping descent to the graveyard. A touch of green in the neighbouring woods, a sudden wind from the south-west, the end of a long-delayed piece of work, all these have power to start new years, like hares from a thicket, and to make me feel that at last I can take down some dusty calendar that has been hanging too long on the wall of my mind. The end of the actual calendar leaves me unmoved. I have no real conviction that something has happened between December the thirty-first and January the first. After all, the two days show no apparent difference, and any change is a purely arbitrary one. It comes no nearer the spirit than the change between summer time and winter time—not summertime and wintertime, the genuine old change, but the new hocus-pocus arranged by Act of Parliament. I feel that the official New Year is only another Act of Parliament affair, and though I observe it as a good citizen should observe such things, it does not touch the inner man.

Therefore I am to be discovered making and breaking new resolutions on the sixth day of March or the last day of August, and on other dates that probably mean nothing to you but may mean a great deal to me, being occasions when some crisis has arrived in my private history. The truth is, I have not what we might call the almanac mind; I am not an anniversary man. I have feelings enough and to spare, but they will not work to the official plan. That is why I have never been an enthusiastic advocate of the Armistice Day. I find myself gripped by the Armistice Day mood many a time throughout the year, but I cannot guarantee to have the right emotions at eleven o'clock every Eleventh of November. Nor, being so constituted, can I help suspecting those persons whose feelings can be turned on and off as the official occasion demands. I do not make many new resolutions and have no great belief in my power of keeping them, but at least I do not wait until the First of January to make them. There are times when it is impossible not to feel "those tender regrets" that Lamb describes, when the most poignant recollections of things past, old friendships wasted away, glorious plans gone into thin air, a younger self smiling in lost sunshine, return to harry the mind. But I cannot see why such times should exactly coincide with the last page

on the calendar. For these reasons I am not an anniversary man. At certain times, perhaps when their nonsense suits my nonsense, I find myself tremendously interested in Shakespeare or Rembrandt or Mozart or Shelley, and once more I am eager to discover what kind of work they left us and what kind of men they were, but these times do not fall exactly three hundred years to a day after they died or a century from the day of their birth. I remember how droll it seemed, a few years ago, to wake up one morning and find all the big-wigs writing and talking about Keats, who had contrived to die just a hundred years before. The fault is probably mine, but I cannot help feeling that there is something suspiciously painstaking and official about this kind of interest. It is very journalistic, and I seem to hear the big-wigs, like so many editors or chief reporters, saying "There's a story in Keats to-day."

Probably the fact that I am expected, as it were, to feel certain emotions on these and other occasions prevents me from feeling them. If nobody had ever thought of being sentimental on Old Year's Night, of making good resolutions on New Year's Morning, I should probably have discovered these practices for myself and given myself an annual orgy of regret and reform. All this is probably pride, a poor thing. Perhaps my real motive is a dislike of doing what the Smiths and Joneses are doing. Yet I fancy that it is partly a dislike of pretending what the Smiths and Joneses are pretending, for the Smiths and Joneses are increasingly allowing the pattern of their lives to be arranged by newspaper sub-editors and advertising experts, who say to them, "To-day you're all feeling jolly" or "To-day you're all feeling rather sad." I could almost wish that next year people would not celebrate Christmas at all, just to confound all the commercial gentlemen, with their shop-windows and double-numbers and too genial advertisements (all making their appearance about the beginning of November), their cotton-wool snow and sham antique and forced hilarity. As time goes on, our outward life, the food we eat, the liquor we drink, the clothes we wear, the places we visit, is shaped and contrived more and more by Government officials and advertising managers and newspaper men, and now this gang has fastened upon our inner life and would dictate to us the very emotions we should feel. Thus there is some excuse for holding secret festivals of our own.

What does touch me at the New Year is the unavoidable change in the date. However little difference I may discover between the last day of December and the first day in January, there is at least this difference, that I have to put a new number at the beginning of a letter. I have always thought that I occupied a pleasant and sensible middle position between those two opposing types of people, those who always look forward to the future and those who always look back to the past. But this changing of the date finds me out, for if I did occupy such a position I should regard this change with complete indifference, whereas in truth I dislike it. 1927 has a bleak and unfriendly look. It makes me feel that I am straying into the opening chapter of one of those stories of the future, those stories that we begin to read with such eager curiosity and then put down, long before we have reached the end, because they are

so abominably depressing. I am convinced that I shall never achieve easy friendly terms with 1927. It is true that 1926 lost its unreality before it had done, but it never became warm and human, a familiar companion. None of the recent years has done that, they have not had time. There has not been a solid sensible year, a year that you could stare at for hours without any misgiving, since 1912. That is my idea of a year—1912 or 1914. These others are merely arithmetical antics forcing themselves on our attention. This long time past I have never stared at a current date without suddenly feeling that everything was dream-like and unreal, and not, you will understand, pleasantly so, but all queer and shifting and cold.

What a prospect there is before us! We must either take the graveyard path or go on living into years that look like monsters from the deep sea. What we are to make of 1939 or 1945 or 1953! And some of us may totter through to 1967! It is an appalling thought that our last days may be spent with such forbidding H. G. Wells-ish years, dates out of a nightmare. I never open a popular science book these days without being told that old Time is now nothing but an antique figment. Why are we not told too how to slip out of his clutches? Once possessed of the secret, I could then avoid this ghastly procession of unfamiliar years; I could live backward. Skirting the war period, I would begin about 1913, thus making my first encounter a happy meeting with good old 1912, and slip back year by year, so that if I did achieve a really ripe age, I would find myself somewhere in the 'Seventies instead of face to face with a monstrosity like 1959. Instead of being condemned to the public lethal chamber, as I probably shall be if I reach 1959, because I am a grumbling old Tory, I should be everywhere regarded as an amusingly new-fangled and rebellious old gentleman by the time I came to 1873. And though I should protest against this and that and pretend to be something of a reformer, I should really be delighted to find everything so snug and familiar. I do not know what the world will be like in 1959, but if it is anything like the stories of the future one reads, I shall not wait to be condemned to the lethal chamber but will quietly find my own way there. It is possible, however, that the stories of the future, usually written either by terrorists or prigs, will be found to contain false prophecy. We might do a little in 1927 to prove them false.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

BY W. FORCE STEAD

EARTH a transition underwent
Into an awed astonishment,
Pools, hills and fields their deep communion made;
Hesperus flying high and bright
Sang through the dusk, Hail, holy Night!
And trees with all their boughs reached up and prayed.

Through the torn veil of time and space
I walked in Wychwood face to face
With star-lit Bethlehem, and turning thence,
By Charlbury to a barn I came
Shot through its chinks with rosy flame,
While in my heart burned myrrh and frankincense.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*
- ¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.*

VIBRATION AND ROAD DESTRUCTION

SIR,—In 1925 you appropriately focussed public attention on the ever-increasing destruction of roads, property, vehicles, etc., from motor traffic vibration and urged for remedial effort. Last year a wise "stop waste" step was taken in Parliament by a raid of £7,000,000 on the Road Fund, also by increased taxation of further millions on road destroying vehicles. Such measures, however, cannot remedy this catastrophic evil.

The cause of this is the tremendous energy generated from mechanically-driven wheels. The consensus of qualified opinion, as an instance, is that a six-ton load, at a speed of twelve miles per hour, gives an impact of over one hundred tons in excess of what is requisite for tractive effort. This impact is much increased by road irregularities, and intensely so as higher speed is developed. Professor Bickerton has with truth lately declared that "It is the inability to realize the stupendous power of those great speeds that is so misleading quantitatively to specialists." We are consequently confronted with an annual expenditure of £50/70,000,000 for road maintenance. It is also credibly stated that one-fourth only of the output of large builders is new vehicles: the remaining three-fourths being for repair parts for their maintenance. Those great costs are largely due to the quite futile attempt at resisting motion.

This great waste goes on, notwithstanding the fact, proved to the hilt, that this tremendous misdirected energy can be diverted within and utilized by the wheels to great economical advantage when soundly constructed. In the message from the Throne to this Parliament it was conveyed that as soon as time permits, measures "for the control of road vehicles" would be introduced. The adoption of amply proved remedial scientific methods, instead of the present wasteful treatment of our National assets, is the prerequisite of our economic recovery.

The Premiers of Australia and New Zealand at the Imperial Conference urged the necessity for rendering the British motor vehicle—the most solid of engineering products—fit for economical use on their overseas roads, since, in spite of a sentimental preferential tariff in favour of them, ninety per cent. of their imported vehicles are of foreign make.

I am, etc.,

3 Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.2 JOHN MUIR

'MACBETH'

SIR,—Has the dramatic critic never a child of his own? I ask as I am amazed to notice how general is the surprise that Miss Thorndike should have produced 'Macbeth' at Christmas. They talk of its gloom.

Gloom! With three witches, two ghosts, one murder, a mad lady and a big fight. What more could a healthy child desire for a single evening's amusement. Children—boys and girls—from 12 to 16 revel in the play. I speak from experience. I once made a mistake in taking two young women of the mature age of 10 to see it. They enjoyed it but the witches kept them awake that night. Boys I have taken to it. One—he had seen 'Treasure Island' a little before—declared that 'Macbeth,' "Macbuff" as he would insist on calling it, was the best play he had ever seen. And I have promised to take him again.

It is extraordinary how few people realize that

Shakespeare is pre-eminently a child's playwright. Go to the Old Vic. when the "circles" are filled with children, largely drawn from elementary and secondary schools and listen to their whole-hearted laughter, rounds of applause and solemn silences. These lucky ones have not had their minds poisoned by the Shakespeare of the class-room, the text-book and the lesson.

Whatever their elders may think, 'Macbeth' will always grip the young and healthy imagination.

I am, etc.,

"A PARENT"

Peterborough

IS IT JUST A HABIT?

SIR,—This Christmas from Friday evening to Tuesday morning we had no daily paper except some thin newsless sheets on the Sunday. Yet I have heard no one admit he has missed them. True, there were holidays and all were keeping holiday. None the less it makes one wonder whether the daily paper is a blessing of civilization or merely a bad habit—a mild form of drug which provides the mind with cheap topics of conversation.

Should we be better or worse in any way without our daily paper?

I am, etc.,

J. C. B.

Birmingham

TAWNY PORT

SIR,—Mr. H. Warner Allen makes a slip when he mentions that tawny port gains its "colour and lightness from years in pipes of good *Balkan* oak."

These pipes are made from *Baltic* oak, known all over the world as "Memel"—and this word is used for all oak staves manufactured from oak timber grown north of 50. The chief characteristic is freedom from tannic acid.

In my opinion Empire wines will never be acceptable to the trained palate until shippers study this question of suitable timber as carefully as European wine shippers.

I am, etc.,

J. C. TINKLER

THE DOG NUISANCE

SIR,—The keeping of curs and mongrels—the communists of the dog world—has now become a curse by their incessant barking day and night, and the fouling of the streets. People who have not proper accommodation for the keeping of dogs should not be allowed to do so by law, and also not allowed to turn them into the streets to run about by themselves all day long to the great annoyance of the public. There is another abuse that some are guilty of in bringing dogs to cemeteries and libraries and fastening them up at the entrances, the consequence being that they yelp and howl the whole time their owners are inside. In my opinion the best way to stop the above abuses is by raising the tax as follows: for the keeping of one dog £1 11s. 6d.; second dog, £1 1s.; third dog, 10s. 6d., and for every dog afterwards the usual 7s. 6d., with a stricter supervision by the excise authorities than at present exists. I have known cases where people have kept dogs without licences, showing that the excise authorities are not very wide awake.

I am, etc.,

JAMES MONEY KYRLE LUPTON

Richmond, Surrey

DRAMATIZED NOVELS

SIR,—A friend desiring two or three days' shopping in London motored me up as well. He insisted on our going to see 'The Constant Nymph,' the play founded

on the book of the same name by Miss Margaret Kennedy, which we had both read and enjoyed. I ventured there with considerable misgiving, for the last dramatization I had witnessed of a book I had thoroughly enjoyed left me miserable. I was very young and doubtless foolish when I read and re-read 'The Beloved Vagabond,' by W. J. Locke. In a weak moment I went to see Beerbohm Tree as Paragot in the dramatized version—his terrible performance destroyed all my wonderful illusion and left me, as I said, miserable.

'The Constant Nymph' has not quite left me in that condition. The acting seems to me all excellent and some of it wonderful, and the *mise en scène* quite good except for a minor solecism. Incidentally the characters, as in the book, talk of course incorrectly of "the Tirol." But Mr. Gielgud as Lewis Dodd was most disappointing. I do not mean that his acting was bad—far from it. It was his or the producer's conception of the part that seemed all wrong—not at all what was conveyed to me by my reading of Miss Kennedy's book. Where were Lewis Dodd's five waistcoats, so characteristic of the man? Where were his brusqueness and awkwardness? They could not be noticed. Mr. Gielgud was far too "pretty-pretty" and well-behaved all through. I knew a member of the late Rupert Brooke circle who was Lewis Dodd almost to the life. And by the by, why was Sebastian (Tessa's brother), an excellently drawn character in the book, left out of the play?

I am, etc.,

"TOURNEBROCHE"

BAD MONEY

SIR,—There seemed to be more bad florins in circulation at Christmas than ever before. What is the right ethics when one has been innocently landed with two or three of these base half-dollars in the course of an afternoon's shopping?

I know what I do—pass them on as quickly as possible. It may be immoral, but I have enough other taxes to pay without this. And where a poor man's budget is in question, even one spurious florin will upset calculations.

If the Post Office would accept them, charging, say, twopence in the shilling for the receiver's carelessness or short-sightedness, I would gladly pay the fine, for it would ease my conscience. But that might encourage the coining of them. I do not suppose I am the only sufferer. What do other people do?

I am, etc.,

"MYOPIA"

National Liberal Club

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHARITIES

SIR,—In the debates on the Roman Catholic Relief Bill which was read for the third time in the House of Commons in December, the chief argument in favour of the Bill seems to have been founded on alleged inequalities of taxation oppressive to Roman Catholic Charities. Although there was some opposition to the Bill, the principal objection does not appear to have been mentioned. It seems to have been assumed that R.C. charities are exactly analogous to all others. But is this in fact so?

In modern charities the employees and officials are paid salaries and left to live and to provide for their dependents as best they can. Such salaries are liable to tax. Many or most R.C. institutions are staffed by persons in orders, who receive housing, clothes, food and other consideration, and whose posts are virtually pensionable. They are provided for for life. The income of the institution is the joint income of the institution and the staff. At the present day the difference is glaring, though historically, before the

currency system was developed and much payment was made in kind, it was not so great. In some cases such institutions have lay employees whose salary is presumably taxed. Is a distinction to be made between their emoluments and those of the regular staff?

A case occurred in one of the colonies in which a hospital was staffed partly by nursing sisters and partly by lay nurses, the former being paid at a higher rate than the latter. The income of the former was exempted from taxation on the ground that it was the income of a charity, the salaries of the lay sisters were taxed. This appears to me a case of gross injustice, and one which may be multiplied.

Furthermore, is support of the aged members of different orders in itself a charity, or is it the equivalent of the payment of pension? The latter seems the obvious answer. In short, how far is a complex system to be exempted from taxation by reason of its clinging to antiquated methods?

Lastly I would ask whether exemption from income tax applies equally to foreign and to British charities, and whether the centre of ultimate control fixes the nationality of the charity.

Millfield Shaw,
Cobham, Kent

I am, etc.,

L. E. C. EVANS

THE WINTER DISTRESS LEAGUE

SIR,—Christmas is the great "Home" festival in every Christian land—a time when the spirit of Him who lived and taught goodwill among men should soften all troubles and deaden all controversies. It does not require the exercise of much imagination to realize how greatly the unsettled industrial conditions of the past months have affected the homes of all classes of workers.

May we commend to the kindly consideration of all who want to help in a practical and unobtrusive way, the work of the Winter Distress League, which concentrates on helping unemployed to take up jobs unavailable without some timely aid, sends undernourished children to country homes where their health and spirits may be restored, and disburses its funds in various most constructive ways.

Contributions should be sent to the Secretary, The Winter Distress League, 23 Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

We are, etc.,

I. CARISBROOKE,

President

GEO. LAWSON-JOHNSTON,
Chairman of Council

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—Capital punishment is the only logical remedy for murderers, and it will be one of the greatest mistakes if any Government ever abolishes it. It is a very great preventive for the crime of murder, and, which shows how much it is feared, these scoundrels always make a last effort to save their wretched lives through the Criminal Court of Appeal. It seems such a strange thing that there are some of the public who always have more sympathy for murderers than with their poor victims.

I would also inflict the death penalty on all scoundrels for criminal outrages upon women and children. All cowards fear death.

I am, etc.,

J. M. L.

Several letters are unavoidably held over.—ED. S.R.

P's AND Q's

SIR,—Could you or any of your readers inform me in what poem the line "Apt alliteration's artful aid" occurs?

T. F. OAKESHOTT

SIR,—Has the choice of the pseudonym 'Junius' by the author of the famous 'Letters' ever been explained?

MAB RAM

SIR,—At what date was the modern fashion of growing beards introduced? Judging from contemporary pictures and prints, beards appear to have been unknown in the eighteenth century.

T. CLOWES

DAVID AND SOLOMON

SIR,—The Cambridge version of the lines quoted by your correspondent "S." is as follows:

King David and King Solomon led merry, merry lives,
With thirteen hundred concubines and sixteen hundred wives;
But when old age came creeping on, and conscience gave them
qualms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs and King David wrote the
Psalms.

I am afraid I cannot throw any light on the origin of the verse.

A. G. E.

SIR,—The version of the "delicious verse" quoted by "S." in your issue of last week's SATURDAY REVIEW, which I recall, runs as follows:

King David and King Solomon lived very happy lives
And enjoyed themselves exceedingly with their Concubines and
Wives;
But when old age came creeping on,
They experienced serious qualms,
So King Solomon wrote the Proverbs
And King David sang the Psalms.

but I know not if there is more of it.

G. O. S.

"OLD AS I AM"

SIR,—In answer to D., the lines are from Dryden's 'Cymon and Iphigenia':

Poeta loquitur.

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The Power of beauty I remember yet,
Which one inflamed my soul, and still inspires my wit."

A. J. MAAS

ABELARD AND HELOISE

SIR,—A correspondent signing himself T. M. P. writes in your issue of December 25 of "an excellent anonymous English translation of the love letters of Abelard and Héloise, published in 1722, and since reprinted in the 'Temple Classics' (Dent)."

This so-called translation is itself a translation by J. Hughes (4th edition, 1722), from the French of Dom Gervais (1723). The French version was alleged to be based on the Latin of François D'Amboise, but was in fact an embroidered *galanterie* in the prevalent taste of the day, bearing hardly the slightest resemblance to the original letters and none whatever to the actual writers of the letters. It is in fact a shameless fake. No translation into English prior to Mr. Scott Moncrieff's (published 1925) has ever been made from the Latin.

M. STORM JAMESON

In Mr. J. Grigor's letter last week on 'An Incident in a Railroad Car,' the opening lines were, owing to a printer's error, wrongly quoted. The correct version is: "Slowly there grew a tender awe."

THE THEATRE FOR VARIOUS BROWS

BY IVOR BROWN

Aladdin. The Palladium.

Robin Hood. By Alfred Noyes. The Century Theatre.

Liliom. By Ferencz Molnar. The Duke of York's Theatre.

IT has become a trade custom of dramatic criticism to be zestful about pantomime. The Christmas-card spirit suddenly possesses our pens. We may mourn, as do all the critical tribe, about dwindled glories and the new principal boys who are not half boyish enough. But we come out pretty handsomely about those conjugal furies who once espoused Crusoe Senior, Sinbad Ditto, and the lamented Twankey of whom so little is known. Shakespeare held that "Duc Dame" was an invocation for calling fools into a circle. We, with our "Lead on, Twankey," are not disposed to grumble. Fools we may be to see ourselves so dragged at the widow's apron-strings, but we are happily, sincerely foolish. We all of us talk some humbug in our time, and the high-brow's cultivation of the low-brow's skittle-alley and beer-garden is a stiff contribution to the treasury of cant. However, since I would rather like to be billed as the Hammer of the High-brows, and am attracted as much by common nonsense as by common-sense, I can fairly claim to be one of Mrs. Twankey's true and trusty followers. Pantomime is a capital institution because it admits fairyland only to annex it and flatten it out in the civilizing interest of beer and pickles.

At the Palladium there is, as usual, good fun and no fantastical fripperies. You are no more going to persuade me that the Geni of the Lamp sleeps in a flower-bell than you will convince me of Mrs. Twankey's place in Debrett. I felt sure that, if by some Chestertonian freak of magic the lamp were really to do its job, the Geni would modestly provide himself with Burton-on-Trent upon a salver and leave the silly jewels alone. And Mrs. Twankey, in the admirable person of Mr. Charles Austin, would have agreed that, on these terms, miracles were worth while. Naturally, when the widow had got herself into check skirt and spattees, she might have called for something more dashing. Pekin might also have been ransacked for grocer's port to suit the widow when she went off duty in policewoman's uniform. To be elbow-deep in the suds and have a gadabout son like young Aladdin must be testing. But Mr. Austin remained jocund as May-morn.

Such laundry-women will always count the washing with durable gusto and a certain richness of imagery, and Mr. Austin did no less. This sort of jollity has gone through the mangle before, but it comes out fresh each Christmas just as the broker's men (they are policemen this time) always have a super-somersault ready for the turn of the year. Mr. Bransby Williams, as Abanazar, wandered about in Dickensian outfit and it was a pity that his part was not as true to the grand scamps of Dickens as were his clothes. Miss Clarice Mayne strutted finely as the jaunty Aladdin and would have caught the eye of any princess who was not too busily engaged upon her seasonal occupation of inditing songs to the moon. Miss Violet Essex, as it happened, tripped with more certainty among the top notes than is customary with ladies of her rank and both parties to this match were to be complimented on their choice. American airs floated through cave and wash-house, but we are accustomed by now to the orchestration of fidgets which is the soul of syncopation. Rhymed verse was retained, as it should be, and jewels of speech mingled fittingly with the parade of priceless minerals. Here, on December 23, was a good pantomime in the making. I trust that it has been made by now.

Mr. Alfred Noyes writes for the cranium of slightly steeper contours. He has a weakness for fairies and his Sherwood Forest fades into a never-never land where Little John and the Friar might have been terribly bored. I find it difficult to believe that Robin and Marian did not live happily ever after. That kind of thing is so obviously done that Mr. Noyes is daring in post-dating their mutual bliss to post-sepulchral times. However, this gives him a chance to play up to the modern spirit which always turns a hero into a department of the Life Force. Robin becomes a kind of Dryad and satisfies the immortal longings of old ladies who like a glimpse of the contented dead and can rejoice to know that "the forest has conquered." For my own part I preferred the scuffles and the arrows and the escapades which were the prelude to the passing of Robin. Mr. Noyes can flight a verse at the public taste as surely as Robin sped his shaft through the cords which bound Will Scarlett, and the Lena Ashwell Players, severely handicapped by a small stage, did him excellent justice. They manœuvred cunningly in this small space, fought and declaimed as though they meant it, and generally succeeded in bringing Nottingham to Notting Hill. Miss Esmé Church, as Shadow-of-a-Leaf, the inspired fool, acted finely and firmly, keeping the maudlin mood well at a distance, while Mr. Godfrey Kenton and Mr. Patrick Gover, as Robin and Prince John, fought it out in good contrast in grove and keep. The ladies of the piece and period were well presented by Miss Agnes Laughlan and Miss Queenie Russell. On the whole, a seasonable mid-brow entertainment.

Ferencz Molnar is a Hungarian dramatist whose fame has run across the seas. New York is fond of him, and New York, or at least a substantial slice of it, likes theatrical oddities. 'Liliom' is a play with a long history of success and, since it contains a scene in the afterworld, and divers atmospheric possibilities, its appeal should be to brows of stature. But, as we find it in English at the Duke of York's Theatre, it turns out to be what Mr. James Agate has called "one of the after-all plays." So the murder at the railway-arch was not attempted and Liliom did not commit suicide to dodge the police and never had to appear before a dismal magistrate in an expressionistic Limbo; it was only a dream after all and the dream was a warning and Liliom, no doubt, took the right turning and not the road to the railway-arch and lived happily and honestly with little Julie ever after. Or perhaps he didn't.

Mr. Komisarjevsky, however, had set his stamp upon the play and, in so far as it was realistic, he produced it extremely well. The scenery, however, was too cumbersome and in the other-worldly court the stage was so much and so strangely overloaded that one could hardly see the justice for its pillars. An economic use of light amid much darkness would surely have produced an effect more profound and tactically profitable since it would have shortened the pauses. It is right to keep the play Hungarian in its environment and there are good presentations of the caravan showman's life with which it deals. Certainly this story of the charming bully and his little mouse of a wife has its decorative side, and the swift wooing of Julie by Liliom is charmingly done. Mr. Ivor Novello does not bring a personality in any way "farouche" to Liliom's part, but he acts its many phases conscientiously and skilfully; his emotion, when he plays, has not great size or power in its composition, but it is genuine and cleverly controlled and he is to be welcomed as an ambitious actor who has easily conquered in the easy stuff and is now inviting his great public to follow him into harder places. Miss Fay Compton plays Julie with her accustomed grace and skill, while Mr. Charles Laughton makes an astonishingly vivid entrance from the world which prefers a muffler to a collar.

MUSIC

A NOTE ON 'THE MESSIAH'

IT is rarely that we hear the full glory of 'The Messiah' even in the concert hall, owing to the unfortunate traditions which were allowed to grow round it during the last century. Sir Thomas Beecham showed us the other day at the Queen's Hall, with the aid of the Philharmonic Choir and the London Symphony Orchestra, how it ought to be done.

This performance of 'The Messiah' was the final vindication, if any were needed, of Beecham's complete seriousness as a musician, and of his claim to be regarded as one of the few great conductors of great music. He approached Handel, just as he approaches Mozart or Strauss, as a writer of music which he loves. He conducted it, not as a religious ritual, but as music pure and simple. The religious feeling was there, because it is inherent in it, and, indeed, appeared all the more genuine for not being treated sanctimoniously. I do not believe that a better performance of the work can have been given in living memory. The soloists were good, but the chorus was superb, and the orchestra played with that exquisite finish, which only Beecham can procure. The most admirable thing about the performance was the smooth solidity of the choral singing. The entries were clean, but they did not call attention to themselves. The quiet singing of 'And He shall Purify' and in 'For unto Us a Son is born,' and the fine exuberance of the Hallelujah Chorus, which made us understand for once why George II rose to his feet, are unforgettable experiences. 'The Messiah' needed rehabilitation as music—the empty seats in the more expensive parts of the hall testified sadly to that—and Sir Thomas Beecham succeeded completely in bringing it to life. If this genius among conductors is allowed to carry out his threat of seceding to the United States, it will be a terrible disaster to music in England.

H.

DECEMBER GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

The gramophone records issued at the beginning of last month are what is known among the shopmen as "seasonable." There are the usual records of carols and "sacred" music, while on the "profane" side the companies do not venture much outside the popular composers. There is one exception. The Columbia Company has recorded the *Adagietto* from Gustav Mahler's fifth Symphony. Mahler's music is very little known in England. The 'Kindertotenlieder,' a beautiful cycle of songs on a gloomy subject, have been given on several occasions recently, but none of his symphonies has been heard here since the war, so far as I can remember, though I believe Mr. Boult has one down for performance at Birmingham. This single movement whets the appetite for more. In the *Adagietto* Mahler shows that slightly sententious sentimentality which is common to both Strauss and Brahms. The movement is richly, sometimes rather thickly, scored for strings with harp—if there are other instruments, they merely support the strings, and do not make their individuality felt in this record. On the whole it is a beautiful and interesting piece of music, and is admirably played by the Amsterdam Orchestra under William Mengelberg, who is the chief, perhaps the only, champion of Mahler to-day.

There are, unhappily, no complete chamber-works issued by either the Columbia or the H.M.V. Companies. The former's list includes the favourite *Andante cantabile* from Tschaikowsky's Quartet in D played by the Léner Quartet, and the slow movement

of Beethoven's A major quartet (Op. 18, No. 5) played by the Caterall Quartet. The last-named is one of a series of cheap records of single movements, and is certainly a good beginning both as recording and as music. The only other record under this head which calls for mention is one of two pieces by Lehar and Rachmaninoff, arranged and played by Kreisler (H.M.V.). They are sweet nothings, decked out with the usual Kreislerian ornaments, but they are played beautifully and are well recorded.

The "big" works of the month are two popular concerts, that for pianoforte in B flat minor by Tschaikowsky (H.M.V.) and one of Saint-Saëns's violoncello concertos (Columbia). Tschaikowsky's work is played by Mark Hambourg with the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra under Sir Landon Ronald. Hambourg goes for the big chords at the beginning in the right rumbustious style, and on the whole his playing is admirably suited to the work. But his tone is hard and sounds dead in the slow movement.

Both companies have recorded choruses from 'The Messiah,' there being two records of 'And the Glory of the Lord.' Of these, the one made by the Sheffield Choir under Sir Henry Coward for Columbia is the better in the definition of the parts. The entries are clear, and the general balance of tone is good. The H.M.V. record is of an actual public performance by the Royal Choral Society under Dr. Bairstow in the Albert Hall.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—44

SET BY L. P. HARTLEY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an imaginary letter from Lord Beaconsfield to Queen Victoria, commenting upon Mr. Lytton Strachey's 'Life,' which she has sent him to read. The letter should not exceed 300 words in length.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rhymed epitaph on the year 1926. It should not exceed 8 lines in length.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week's LITERARY 44A, or LITERARY 44B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, January 10, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITION 42

SET BY T. EARLE WELBY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best limerick in French. It is by no means necessary that the

French language should be employed with correctness, but a distinction will be made between ingenious abuse of an exquisite medium and ignorant misuse of it. The limerick must begin, according to the old model, with the equivalent of "There was a personage of such-and-such a place."

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best brief explanation, in heroic couplets, by a very modern child of why it humours its parents in regard to Santa Claus. The explanation must be politely sceptical, and must be addressed to Santa Claus himself.

We have received the following report from Mr. T. Earle Welby, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. T. EARLE WELBY

42A. The entries for this competition were numerous, and almost every competitor showed some appreciation of the possibilities of the form and some skill in using the French language. It was laid down that correctness would not be insisted upon, and failure to respect the strict laws of French prosody, whether in regard to masculine and feminine rhymes or in other matters, has not been reckoned against any competitor. The very best limerick submitted is denied the prize, because it happens to have been written by George du Maurier before it was written by the lady who sends it in. Several other good attempts are ruled out because they show traces of effort. This applies particularly to the many limericks produced by Angus. All are meritorious, but each exhibits the author walking the tight-rope with excessive consciousness of the eyes that are on him. The perfect limerick, however much of Rossetti's "fundamental brain-work" may have gone to the making of it, should appear to be an improvisation. By reason of its combination of plausibility and preposterousness, and of its smoothness, the best of all the efforts, to my mind, is the first of the two limericks sent in by Mrs. M. Jordan. That is printed, together with the next best, at the end of my report. Here, however, is the other limerick by Mrs. Jordan, of an admirable ingenuity, though a little lacking in the flow required in this form:

Un marin naufragé de Doncastre
Pour prière, au milieu de desastre,
Répétait, à genoux,
Ces mots simples et doux:
Scintillez, scintillez, petit astre.

J. Ewing submits several limericks of merit in idea or in execution. As a sample of his work I reproduce this:

Il y a un bonhomme à Boulogne
Qui a envie d'habiter Cologne,
Mais la mer lui fait peur,
Et le train mal au cœur;
Donc, il reste à contempler Boulogne.

Plays on words were less numerous than might have been expected, but the contributor who signs himself 52385 has produced this ingenuity:

Il y a un jeune homme nommé Louis,
Qui se dit il est lui malgré lui:
"Il faut être depuis,
Et je suis que je suis,
Je ne suis pas, parbleu—que je suis!"

Space will not admit of further quotations, and I content myself with commending, besides the competitors already mentioned, M. L., B. Carter, Lester Ralph, Daedalus, who works in a neat pun, Sir Horace Monro, who needs only a pinch of pepper in his otherwise excellent limericks, and Stafford Bourne.

The First Prize goes, as already stated, to Mrs.

Jordan. The Second Prize goes to M. G. Kayess, who should at once communicate his address to this office. I must add that I recommend these awards in the belief that, with the exception already noted, all limericks submitted are original, but I do not pretend to be familiar with the whole body of limerick literature and able to detect mere translations of English into French.

THE WINNING ENTRY

Il y avait un homme de Madère,
Qui frappait le nez à son père;
On demandait: "Pourquoi?"
Il répondit, "Ma foi,
Vous n'avez pas connu mon père."

M. JORDAN

SECOND PRIZE

Il y avait un homme de St. Cloud.
Qui trouvait le nid d'un hibou.
Avec poivre, disait-il,
Et un peu de persil,
Cela me ferait un très bon ragoût.

M. G. KAYESS

42B. The results of this competition are disappointing. The entries were few, and no one has fully exploited the opportunity it gave. Several competitors have dealt with the matter in much too solemn a tone. Lester Ralph comes nearest to what I had in mind when setting the competition, though I object to Uncle Ben, and decline to believe that a very modern must necessarily be a very horrid child. The Second Prize is won by M. R. Williamson. A word of commendation may be given to Grace Martin and to Bébé. But I must repeat that I am disappointed: the subject gave a real chance to a competitor with insight into the mind of a child and a sense of humour.

THE WINNING ENTRY

Dear Santa Claus, of course you may exist;
At any rate you're on my Mother's List
Of also-rans, who come at Christmas time,
Vague cousins asked up for the Pantomime;
Herewith my stockings—not my very best,
They ladder so—at poor old Dad's request;
I much prefer to humour him, although
I'm past the age of "Father told me so";
While, as for Mother—well, 'twixt you and me,
Two women in a house will ne'er agree.
Still, I've an option on her opal ring,
The one she's tired of, says that it may bring
Bad luck upon her if she puts it on
While Dad's at home. Thank God he'll soon be gone
To sea again. Then, Hey for Uncle Ben,
Most generous and most discreet of men!
Meanwhile, if you have anything for me,
Just shove it in. Good Night! I'll wait and see.

LESTER RALPH

SECOND PRIZE

Dear Santa Claus,
Although you don't exist
In any *real* sense, you would be missed
If we discarded you: so I pretend
To Dad and Mum that you're my greatest friend.
It pleases them and does no harm to me.
(I've learnt to humour grown-ups, don't you see?)
They've always got some queer romantic stunt.
Perhaps it's useful—I can say—quite blunt:—
"I wonder what dear Santa Claus will bring
This year"—and then I mention everything
I want. Of course I couldn't ask outright
For presents; no one does. It's not polite.
But when a pious fiction takes the cake
You'll find me on the spot, quite wide awake.
So if you wish, dear Ghost, to haunt us here,
A gift's the happy medium,

Yours,

ANN LEAR
M. R. WILLIAMSON

BACK NUMBERS—IV

THERE are Victorian reputations, now seriously damaged, which are easily understood. Barry Cornwall was no doubt more a writer of the Regency than of the Victorian era, but he lived far into the age of Tennyson, outlived certain of the great Victorians, and was never more generously praised than in the lovely elegy Swinburne wrote on him. That he should have seemed to two generations of writers a considerable poet, that he who had been praised by Charles Lamb, should have had deference, even homage, from the writers of the 'sixties and 'seventies, is surprising but not inexplicable. For Barry Cornwall, without any distinction of mind, without more than competence in technique, was something of an innovator. He could make nothing of his few discoveries, but he left one to be exploited by Browning and another to be exploited by Swinburne, and was more useful to his betters than it is now easy to recognize.

The reputation of Barry Cornwall, I say, is not inexplicable. It is even easier to see why 'Festus' Bailey was promoted temporarily to a place among the masters. There was really something big in him. Amid a great deal that is merely inflated there are lines and phrases which, though they may not altogether bear close scrutiny, do suggest that he had an instinct for the sublime. And the sublime was in fashion with Dobell and Alexander Smith, while precision and resolution of aim were not demanded in a period tolerant of the amorphous and drifting, though in parts very beautiful, 'Balder.' Again, on a much lower level, it is intelligible that 'Orion' Horne, with his farthing epic and that poor play which an eminent authority dared to bind up in his edition of Marlowe, should have had a certain vogue. His contemporaries were in just the mood for work like his. In the admirable phrase of our only witty king, his nonsense suited their nonsense.

Poor Horne! He left a mass of valuable literary material relating to great writers to a scholar who had led him to believe that he would collect the works of Horne into a monumental edition, but posterity has not shown any more appetite for such a collection than his prospective editor displayed. All we care to remember about him are some anecdotes, notably that ludicrous one of his solemnly challenging Swinburne to a public swimming contest, the gate-money to go to charity. 'Orion' is as dead as 'The Epic of Hades,' that "Hades of an epic." Yet all these are writers whose success with the public is at least comprehensible. But what are we to think of the fame of Martin Farquhar Tupper?

When in 1886 the SATURDAY REVIEW devoted more than two columns to a gently satirical summary of Tupper's complacent autobiography, the author of 'Proverbial Philosophy' was still popular. To be sure, his greatest triumphs were ancient history. He had long before returned from his incredible tour of the United States, where N. P. Willis had greeted him as "a survival from the Elizabethan era," where a negro barber working in association with a jeweller had made a small fortune by selling strands of Tupper's hair in lockets, and where over a million and a quarter copies of his books had been purchased by adorers. Critical England had long before found him out. Even so robust a Philistine as George Augustus Sala could mock him, and when proposing the toast of Literature at a banquet could safely couple with it "the names of the clever, but I cannot say moral,

Mr. Swinburne, and the moral, but I cannot say clever, Mr. Tupper." But 'Proverbial Philosophy' was still on countless drawing-room tables, alongside of the photograph album, and women by the hundreds were still writing to Tupper as their "unseen friend."

He could put on his autobiography the legend *Vixi, Vivo, Vivam*; and he could wind up by applying to himself his translation of Ovid's boast:

Now have I done my work, which not Jove's ire
Can make undone, nor sword, nor time, nor fire.

Nothing, not even Calverley's parody, which leaves one wondering whether it is Tupper himself or a parody one is reading, could kill him. But he died out in some mysterious way. He was, and then he was not, and I have never been able to discover either why he flourished or why, since he had acquired so great a grip on a huge public, he perished. There never was substance more suited to a certain large section of the mid-Victorian public, it is true, but the form was one which might have been expected to irritate that public, and the general effect was intolerably ponderous. If the public could once take Tupper to its heart, how came it to release its embrace of him?

I do not know, and I find nothing in the SATURDAY REVIEW of that period that helps me. At one moment an admirer, himself of some repute at the time, is asking Tupper, "How do you find your way through your wilderness of laurels?" The next there are no laurels: "the laurels all are cut." Other popular poets have become dim. Rather more than a century ago Southey, compiling an anthology, asked why Pomfret was the most popular of all English poets. You may question ten well-read persons to-day before you find one who has any recollection of Pomfret's most esteemed piece, 'The Choice,' which was familiarly known to every educated man or woman for three generations. But Tupper's case is singular.

Tupper was an inventor of some ingenuity, producing a safety horseshoe, a patent glass screw-top for bottles, a design for a steamship that should have its paddle inside. A more serious claim to regard, he was in his fashion patriotic, quite sound about national defence, and really anxious about the future of England. His Protestantism, though crude, will be readily forgiven by the amused reader of:

Shall Popery and its vermin
(As bad old times have seen)
Again infest the ermine
Of England and her Queen?

And he should be a churl who would resent the complete contentment with himself which breathes from every page of the autobiography. But nothing can extenuate the enormity of his preposterous proverbial lucubrations. Even at the height of his popularity he maddened some contemporaries. When he condescendingly approved of certain passages of verse in Alexander Smith, that poet announced that he would alter them in the next edition, and did so. When Nathaniel Hawthorne visited him, the American envied him his house rather in the spirit in which Byron, struck by Southey's appearance, said that to have his head and shoulders he would almost have written his Sapphics. And there was fury in certain quarters when Tupper explained that he did not mind Tennyson being raised to the peerage while Tupper was left a commoner. But the objectors were a very small minority, until they quite suddenly became an overwhelming majority. What, I ask again, effected the change?

STET.

REVIEWS

IMPOSTORS AND MONSTERS

BY EDWARD SHANKS

An Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa. By George Psalmanaazaar. *The Life and Astonishing Adventures of John Daniel.* Vols. I and II of "The Library of Impostors." Holden. 25s. each. Limited editions.

THE title of this new series of finely and expensively produced books is immediately attractive, and the excuses of the editor, Mr. N. M. Penzer, for its existence seem almost as unnecessary as they are naively expressed.

For some reason or other [he says] the impostor has always attracted considerable attention. Whether this is due to genuine admiration for a man who can bring a clever trick to a successful issue, or whether it is caused by an exaggerated sense of the ridiculous is hard to say.

The fact remains that most of us find a warm place in our hearts for impostors. In one form or other they have existed from the dawn of civilization, and will doubtless continue to do so until conditions make life on this planet impossible.

But the matter is not really so simple as it at first appears. The impostor is one thing, the imposture is another. The murderer excites the imaginations of many of us who would yet be dismayed at being presented with a life-size wax model of the corpse. My interest in George Psalmanaazaar is strong enough, but I confess to being a little disconcerted by this reprint of his celebrated and almost unreadable work on Formosa.

It is a long time since the days of its popularity and a glance through the pages leaves us in no doubt as to why it has fallen into neglect. I will give one specimen of matter and style:

The Queen wears most Beautiful Garments that glisten with precious Stones; she has no such Headgear as the Women wear here in England, but something made of Gold or Silver wrought with Silk, and so adorn'd with Diamonds, that it seems to be a Crown. Her Neck-cloth is made of some precious matter: Her Garments are very precious, curiously wrought with the Needle and long enough to reach down to her Heel; and the upper part of her sleeve is so broad that it touches the ground, as does also her Manto which hangs down so low behind. Her shoes and stockings are like her Husband's, but of a less size, and have a higher Heel. She wears her Hair hanging down behind, over her Gown, which is not wide, nor hath many plaits. She wears a Girdle tied about her body very precious.

Mr. Belloc has made a profound and, as our author would say, "very precious" distinction between jokes that are funny because they are true and jokes that would be funny anyhow. One may in like manner distinguish certain books of travel (they are common enough to this day) which are just tolerable because one believes them to contain a number of facts about foreign countries. Their presumed veracity excuses dullness of observation and deadness of style, but, when we doubt the veracity, these demerits are fatal. It may be worth while to listen to the club-bore on Kamschatka if he has really been there, but who would undergo that martyrdom if he is merely making it up? And in this book Psalmanaazaar is merely the club-bore making up much solemn and spiritless nonsense about Formosa—of all intrinsically uninteresting islands on the face of the sea.

One's first reflection is that in a "Library of Impostor's" Psalmanaazaar's Memoirs would be far better worth inclusion. They record his impostures and throw some, if not much, light on his motives and the reasons for his success. One's second thought is that there have not been many frauds like him and that it will not be easy to fill the library. But the other volume already issued provides a new

bewilderment. "In the present Library," says Mr. Penzer, "we are concerned only with the literary impostor—the man who wrote of places that he had never seen, of lands which existed only in his imagination, or of countries as yet unexplored." This handsomely admits 'John Daniel' but does not make the author of that entertaining book an impostor in any ordinary sense of the word. If he is an impostor, then so is every novelist who ever set pen to paper, and most of all perhaps Defoe, who seems more than once deliberately to have attempted to present his romances as true stories.

The adventures of John Daniel are a little too "astonishing" ever to have been presented in this way. The person apparently responsible for their publication was a Mr. Ralph Morris, whose name, even, disappears after the first edition, and on whom Mr. Penzer throws no light at all. But this is not a book against which one can cast the same reproaches as against the description of Formosa. It is a desert island story of some merit and of the naivety which generally adds to the charm of such tales. There are in it distinct traces of Defoe, but Daniel was luckier than Crusoe in having a companion when he was thrown ashore. The story takes a first and moderate spring into the unexpected when this companion turns out to be a woman, to whom Daniel, as soon as he makes the discovery, proposes marriage. She, having already ceased to call him "Jack" and begun to call him "Mr. Daniel," eventually accepts, and they rear a numerous family.

All this part of the story, with its details of ingenuities, lucky finds, hardships overcome and comforts secured, should greatly please those who have a leaning towards stories of desert islands. It departs from the usual course with a more considerable leap into the unexpected, when Daniel, perceiving that his family is growing up, determines to marry his eldest son to his eldest daughter and overcomes his wife's objection "to so incestuous a union" (as she called it) by asking her to whom she thought Adam had married his son. The experiment succeeds:

About three years after that, I married my second son, James, to my second daughter Elizabeth, and set them out in the same manner; and three years after I disposed of the two youngest of the six in the same manner, and by the time we had been there thirty years I had fifteen grandchildren, and five other children by my wife, three whereof were boys and two girls.

One son, however, Jacob, declines to marry his sister, preferring to devote himself to science, and with him the narrative bounds ungovernably upwards into pure fantasy. For he invents an aeroplane (there is a picture of it, resembling some of the early models at South Kensington) in which he and his father embark and, losing their way back to the earth, arrive on the moon. Here they make no discovery of great importance but on their return miss their island and fall in with a pair of creatures who are like the Daniels in being at once brother and sister and man and wife but who have peculiarities of their own, such as webbed hands and feet, scales on their legs and fur like a seal's on their bodies. These represent Daniel's furthest penetration into the realms of the absurd. He explains that their putative father was an Oxford man, named Anderson, but that they were actually the result of their mother's adulterous intercourse with a sea-monster. (If this story is ever filmed, the scenario-writer should represent Anderson and the sea-monster as having been at Balliol together.) The subsequent adventures of Daniel and Jacob fall flat in comparison.

Surely the author of this book, whoever he may have been, cannot be fairly described as an impostor. What was in his mind it is not easy to tell. I can only suggest that he set out to write a story in the matter-of-fact manner of Defoe, but that he found it a strain, so that when he surrendered to his natural impulses he let himself go with a vengeance.

SMOLLETT

The Life and Letters of Tobias Smollett. By Lewis Melville. With illustrations. Faber and Gwyer. 12s. 6d.

FOR some reason obscure to us Smollett has never been included in the 'English Men of Letters' series, and of recent years there has been no new biography. So Mr. Melville's work is welcome, showing, as it does, the fruits of remarkable industry. There are still gaps for the biographer. Smollett's roving time abroad is not illustrated by any extant letters of his; indeed, there is none. Mr. Melville tells us, up to the age of thirty. We have, however, enough correspondence later to give us a good idea of his character. Happy, apparently, in his marriage with an heiress of Jamaica, though her fortune proved disappointing, he was agreeable with his friends, but irritable and combative in his relations with the world. Already at school he was a satirist. Like many Scots, he felt his own superiority and doubtless illustrated Gibbon's maxim that "it is more easy to forgive 490 times than once to ask pardon of an inferior." He was ostentatiously independent. No surprise can be felt at his failure as a doctor in Downing Street, as he clearly lacked the spirit of compromise and soothing verbosity now associated with that quarter. He was haunted with the ghost of his maledictions, as Byron was with his wholesale assertions. Full of surly virtue, he felt himself ill-used, and that does nobody any good.

He could, however, rectify in print his bad temper, as in his handsome compliments to Garrick, twice caricatured in earlier days for rejecting his tragedy. He was a straight man and generous with his money, but he did not fit into the world he satirized. The *Critical Review*, which engaged his pen, indulged in a perpetual snarling match with the *Monthly Review*. The manners of Eatanswill flourished then among reviewers, and it was the worst form of employment for a writer who was irritable and, when irritated, vindictive. At the same time Smollett's independence was a valuable asset to the Press, and would be so to-day. Only in his last book, 'Humphrey Clinker,' did he do justice to his powers; it has a mellow charm on which Mr. Melville writes very well. The English tribute added to his grave at Leghorn asks for rapture over the writer:

Who Nature's pencil waved alone,
And painted man as he should be.

The first line may do; the next is hopelessly wrong. Roderick Random was a scamp and an ungrateful ruffian, and Peregrine Pickle a still worse cad. Mr. Melville suggests that both were ironical portraits, but if so, why did not Smollett say so in his Prefaces, as he did in 'Ferdinand, Count Fathom'? In the 'Travels' he was severe on French gallantry, as Mr. Melville points out, but then he had learnt in the school of the world. It seems to us that, thrust in his young days on the violent world of the sea, he simply did not know what a gentleman of birth and breeding was like. After all, heroes were with him chiefly a means of keeping a "large diffused picture"—that is, a disjointed story—together. He could not follow the lightness of 'Gil Blas,' so he had to find other attractions, among which nastiness is the least agreeable. It is a pity that the 'Adventures of an Atom,' to which Mr. Melville supplies a key, is abominably nasty, as it contains some shrewd political hits.

Everyone can praise Smollett for his admirable gift of narrative and his pictures of interiors, and Dickens got much from him in these ways. But his coarseness is excused neither by passion nor wit. It is largely dull coprology, and if that sort of thing has to be done, it is best left, as Swinburne said, to the French. Smollett's defence is

offered in the first chapter of 'Count Fathom,' where the "delicate, sublime critic" is dubbed "one of those consummate connoisseurs, who, in their purifications, let humour evaporate, while they endeavour to preserve decorum, and polish wit, until the edge of it is quite wore off." At least he is downright; he does not practise the sneaking innuendo of Sterne, who was the true Smelfungus in this regard.

Apart from the novels, Smollett got what would now be thought a very handsome sum for his 'History.' He was no poet, and we can only wonder at the early biographer for whom "he strikes with equal facility the lyres of Pindar, Anacreon, Horace, Tibullus and Juvenal." Mr. Melville is not strong in critical comment and usually relies on the judgment of others. Hazlitt's verdict is well quoted:

He exhibits the ridiculous accidents and reverses to which human life is liable, not the "stuff" of which it is composed. He seldom probes to the quick, or penetrates beyond the surface.

In Smollett's books physical pleasures are more than intellectual. Yet what a lively, bustling world it is, and the British tar is there for the first time with his angry language and solid virtues!

It was a good idea to print at the end Smollett's prefaces, which are important to anyone who would understand him. Mr. Melville is careless in reading "bookseller" where the facsimile opposite clearly has "Bookbinder," and he has been slack about Smollett's classical learning. "Amor patriæ" should be "patriæ," p. 29. On p. 154 the Latin quotation obviously ends with "fiet," not "fict," and on p. 213 surely "nescia" is an age-long misprint for "nescio." Smollett could hardly get that wrong, though he ascribes a tag of Ovid to Horace.

DIRTY BUTTONS

Governments and War. By Major-General Sir F. Maurice. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

THIS book, which illustrates an urgent modern problem from the history of the American Civil War, is so excellent in substance that the reader is all the more aggrieved at the slovenliness of its literary execution. The publishers inform us, on the jacket, that Sir Frederick Maurice is "universally considered to be our foremost writer on military subjects." We should have been inclined to agree with them until we had perused this volume. It mainly consists of five lectures which were delivered at Cambridge last winter and which are now "presented as they were delivered, with a few minor alterations." As the preface is dated November, 1925, the book can hardly be said to have been rushed on to the market, and we cannot understand how the distinguished author has permitted his work to go forth to the reading public without first removing the grammatical blunders and solecisms which disfigure a large number of its pages. We feel bound to call attention to this regrettable fact, because we know perfectly well that Sir Frederick Maurice can write correctly if he chooses, and we have seen too many recent instances of the publication of lectures or speeches without a decent amount of care being given to their revision. Sir Frederick Maurice knows as well as we do that it is a solecism to call a man "one of the protagonists" of a cause, to write "abrogated" when he means "abdicated," to use "enthuse" as a transitive verb, to talk of the "gauge" of battle or of an army "retreating in route," to regard "some time" as synonymous with "sometimes," to describe a Civil Servant as "anonymous" because he is not known to the general public. These are, no doubt, merely the slips of the typist who copied the lectures or of the reporter who took them down. But we are justified in complaining, on behalf of all purchasers of the book, that its author should not have removed them. We have not troubled to verify the quotation from Lincoln's telegram on pp. 113-4, but we think

that those who do so will find two bad misprints within eight lines. It is slovenly to talk of Westpoint on one page and of West Point on another, to write Bismarck and Clausewitz but von Moltke and von Roon, or to make obvious nonsense of sentences (as on pp. 106 and 108) by the omission of small but vital words like "not" and "but."

It would almost seem that Sir Frederick Maurice prides himself, like the Emperor Sigismund, on being *super grammaticam*. It is, perhaps, too cynical an asperity to boggle at unrelated participles or at "neither were." But we draw the line at "anyone who on their reputations . . . should have been preferred." We dislike being pulled up on a well-printed page by "demonstrably" and "Carthaginian" and "Pennsylvania." If Sir Frederick Maurice will recall to his mind the emotions which may once have been stirred in it by inspecting a battalion in which a man or two in every platoon had dirty buttons or wrongly adjusted equipment, he will know just how a mere literary person regards his latest book.

Few living soldiers have studied military history more closely or to greater profit than Sir Frederick Maurice, and we have never read a more lucid or admirable sketch of the relations between a Government and its commander-in-chief than is contained in four lectures which deal with the relations of Jefferson Davis with Johnston and Lee, and those of Abraham Lincoln with McClellan and Grant. The fifth lecture draws the lesson for our own times, and is packed with valuable suggestions alike for statesmen and soldiers, to both of which classes we heartily commend its study. Only, as this book is sure to be thumbed by many youthful students also, we do beg the distinguished author to brush up its buttons before issuing the reprints which are sure to be in demand at military colleges throughout the world.

THE HISTORY OF ATLANTIS

The History of Atlantis. By Lewis Spence. Rider. 10s. 6d.

THE title of this book is a challenge, for Mr. Spence means it to be taken seriously, and not even the candour of his preface can restrain us from being critical of his argument. "The very name of the Azores," he remarks, means the

"hawk islands," and if hawks abounded in the archipelago when it was discovered it is safe to say that they did so in that part of Atlantis to which it formerly belonged. This implies that the animals on which they are wont to live, chiefly rodents, rabbits, rats and mice must also have been present in large numbers.

So from the alleged etymology of a single modern place-name we gain, by brilliant deduction, quite a fair idea of the fauna of Atlantis. There is no need for detailed criticism; we may point out that the hypothetical hawks are just as likely to have lived mainly on other birds, as the peregrine does now. Similarly this:

The enormous strata of horse-bones found in some Solutrean deposits shows clearly that this people were eaters of horse-flesh, and as a race does not as a rule take to a diet to which it has primarily been unaccustomed, we may well believe that wild horses inhabited Atlantis in large numbers, galloping about its prairies or tundras in great herds.

Fortunately this style of imaginative logic is only Mr. Spence at his worst. He is a man pursuing a deeply interesting and not entirely fantastic idea with extraordinary enthusiasm but sadly inadequate knowledge. Again and again he falls into obvious errors or misses important points simply through an insufficient command of his subject. To take a single passage on p. 107; the Pelasgians are not associated with the Cyclopean masonry referred to, nor were they the Mykenean "race" (which was actually threefold, having Helladic, Cretan and, later, Achaean elements in its civilization). Though based on Mediterranean

stock that "race" was certainly not of pure Iberian origin, nor was it the bringer of the Cabiri worship to Greece; this passage, by the way, seems to contradict what he says about it on p. 211. His arguments for the Atlantean origin of the Egyptian mummification custom are fallacious; it only appears about the fourth and fifth Dynasties and was probably introduced from the south or east by a new element coming into Egypt from the neighbourhood of the Red Sea. Moreover, the argument that the Crô-magnon and Azilian peoples were offshoots from Atlantis is absolutely irreconcilable with the advanced state of Atlantean civilization which Mr. Spence contends for, largely on the strength of Plato's gentle humour, which he takes with absurd seriousness. The source of Aurignacian culture could not have got beyond the Neolithic stage.

Many errors of this sort mar, though they do not entirely vitiate, his very interesting discussion. If he had studied his Homer as carefully as Spanish prehistory, he might add to his coincidences the remarkable similarity of the names of Maia, the daughter of Atlas, and the Maya civilization! He would also be delighted to know that she dwelt *ἀντρω παλαιοκυ**—no doubt an Aurignacian "cave temple"! And what about Ogygia, where another daughter of his dwelt, and wooded like Atlantis too? Yet in Iliad III, 139, the Amazons are associated with Phrygia—a far cry from Atlantis. And Jupiter, with his Aryan name, third king of Atlantis—surely a study of name derivations is called for.

To sum up, there are excellent points in the book, such as the treatment of Herodotus on p. 183; there are also gaps. The botanical aspect might supply tangible evidence for the existence of a former land connexion from Ireland to Spain and the Azores, by a consideration of the Spanish-Irish distribution of *Euphrasia Salisburgenis*, certain saxifrages, and *Neottinea intacta*. Let him cease to belabour the connexions of Crete and Egypt till evidence other than vague bulls, caves, etc., comes to his hands; after an extensive study of early pottery he may hesitate to make the large assumption that civilizations of this type came entirely from a distant west—there is such a thing as a Near East.

THE EARLY RAILWAY AGE

An Economic History of Modern Britain. Vol. I. The Early Railway Age, 1820-1850. By J. H. Clapham. Cambridge University Press. 25s.

ENGLAND a hundred years ago was occupied with troubles we know intimately ourselves, completely reorganizing her industry in the gloom and bitterness of a post-war atmosphere. A stupefying debt incurred in financing the struggle against France (who, once vanquished, was excused all indemnity), continual labour unrest, and bankrupt customers abroad, heightened the familiar resemblance to our present plight. We can sympathize with these people of the Early Railway Age and understand their difficulties; they may have taken a different view of God and we know their economic doctrines to be false, but at any rate they were in the same boat, and we no longer have the arrogance to condemn them out of hand.

It is a particularly opportune moment to review the years when the temporary effects of the wars had begun to wear off, for we imagine, or at any rate hope, that we are reaching the same stage. Simply to collect and digest the material as thoroughly as Dr. Clapham has done would have been a conspicuous service, but to have made the account so readable, without ever going too far, is almost as large an achievement again. In addition to making many of the details accessible, in

* Hymn to Hermes l. 4.

a way that they were never accessible before, he has done his utmost to ensure that, for all their complexity they will be reasonably widely read. A really beautiful quotation on the fly-leaf of Book I shows the frame of mind he brings to his enormous task:

The French Revolution produced a war which doubled the cost and trebled the difficulty of genteel living. *The Lady's Keepsake and Maternal Monitor*, 1835.

His picture on the whole is less unfavourable to the early capitalists than most; with six hundred pages to cover thirty years there is room for sufficient detail to show how far the notorious cellar-dwellings, truck system, pauperization of agricultural labourers, hardships of the yeomen, sweating of children and the rest of the stock abuses were typical of conditions at the time. This should do more to dispel illusions than any apologia; although minorities, and sometimes large minorities, suffered abominably in the transition, that the masters were invariably hard-faced scoundrels and the men all in abject misery is not a tenable line of argument.

Picking out two or three among the innumerable points discussed, it is curious to be reminded, at a time when railway companies feel so bitterly the unfair competition of road transport which pays no rates, that the coaching interest, as it succumbed to the railways, could make the same complaint with just as good reason:

Railways were taxed ½d. per mile per passenger carried; coaches were taxed ½d. per mile per seat licensed for passengers moved through a mile; coasting steamers were not taxed. This ½d. per mile stage-coach duty was by no means all. There was a £5 licence per coach; a manservant's tax on coachman and guard; and the assessed tax on every horse. Then there were the turnpike tolls. . . . The whole discussion was both necessarily inconclusive and, had a conclusion been possible, as necessarily idle. No tax remission or new tax which any government could have contemplated would have saved the coach run in direct competition with the railway. At best, it might have given the Tally-ho a spell of shabby-genteel life. It was better to go down with honour while the paint still shone and the wheelers were still glossy.

The coach party naturally said nothing of the initial cost of railways, or their contribution to the rates.

Potatoes, by Dr. Clapham's account, were not much eaten south of Trent till after the Napoleonic wars. In a passage which seems to have escaped his notice Gilbert White ('Selborne' Letter XXXVII to Barrington, January 8, 1778) says clearly that they had already been known in his part of Hampshire twenty years "and are much esteemed here now by the poor, who would scarce have ventured to taste them in the last reign." He wrote apologetically, as if they were late rather than early in adopting the habit; Parson Woodforde also ('Diary,' Vol. II, p. 155) ate "Potato Pudding" in 1784 at a Norfolk market-town inn without thinking it worth comment. The point has some bearing on the standard of living; White expressly mentions that "every decent labourer has also his garden, which is half his support as well as his delight," and in accepting such an abject estimate for the subsequent period, when on his own showing the real wages of labourers were fairly well maintained, Dr. Clapham seems to fall into the error he usually guards against of treating the hardships of a minority as typical of nearly all.

But it is rare to have to question his judgment; he sees and avoids the legends:

Until very recently, historians' accounts of the dominant event of the nineteenth century, the great and rapid growth of population, were nearly all semi-legendary; sometimes they still are. Statisticians had always known the approximate truth; but historians had too often followed a familiar literary tradition. Again, the legend that everything was getting worse for the working man, down to some unspecified date between the drafting of the People's Charter and the Great Exhibition, dies hard. The fact that, after the price fall of 1820-1, the purchasing power of wages in general—not, of course, of everyone's wages—was definitely greater than it had been just before the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, fits so ill with the tradition that it is very seldom mentioned, the work of statisticians on wages and prices being constantly ignored by social historians. It is symbolic of the divorce of much social and economic history from figures that, in a

recent inquiry into the fortunes of one group of trades, the tradition of decline appears in the text, some corrective wage figures in an appendix, and the correlation nowhere.

This quotation well illustrates his standpoint.

THE STORY OF THE POLICE

Scotland Yard. By George Dilnot. Bles. 16s. Bles. 16s.

IT would be difficult to find a better illustration of the innate common sense of our ancestors than the history of the Metropolitan Police. In the first place they were extremely reluctant to embark upon the experiment of an organized police force, such as we know. It was only when public opinion became convinced that the best deterrent against crime was a reasonable certainty of detection, that Sir Robert Peel was able to get his famous Bill through Parliament. A thief who was always ready to take a fifty to one chance, with the gallows if he lost, thought twice before he risked a two to one chance of detection and imprisonment.

Then there was the old dread of militarism. "Peel's Bloody Gang"—to quote from an inflammatory poster of 1830—would presently be armed with guns and cutlasses and used to suppress the liberties of Englishmen. The reply of the authorities was to dress the new force in one of the least warlike uniforms ever devised: the modern policeman looks a good deal more like a soldier than his top-hatted, frock-coated predecessor. And even to-day, while almost every police force of other countries is armed with lethal weapons, the British police, as a usual custom, carry nothing more deadly than the baton.

But it was the admirable tact and firmness of those truly great men, Mayne and Rowan, the two First Commissioners, that carried the new force successfully through its early trials and established it firmly at last in the affections of the nation. They knew there would be criticism, and there was. Every day letters poured into Scotland Yard, making the wildest complaints against individual officers and the force in general. The Commissioners dealt with every one of them personally, promptly and civilly. When they got letters praising the police, they published them. It was Sir Richard Mayne who framed the regulations that still form the basis of the police code to-day. A constable must have "a perfect command of temper." He must "never suffer himself to be moved in the slightest degree by any language or threats that may be used," but must do his duty "in a quiet, determined manner." How often have we all admired the results of those words of wisdom; but they must have seemed like counsels of perfection to the first recruits. There was a perhaps even harder rule—constables "must not enter into conversation with servant girls and other females."

With so much tact and intelligence required of him, with long hours, only one day off a fortnight, inadequate wages and a "beat" of perhaps fifteen miles to guard, a policeman's lot in those days was certainly not a happy one. And if he went on strike he could expect nothing but instant dismissal. For a long time there was no detective branch to assist him; and when in 1842 twelve detectives were at last appointed (for the whole metropolitan area!) criticism broke out again. England dreaded the appearance of the *agent provocateur*. Of course none of these dangers ever materialized, and while the conduct of the police continues to be watched with such lynx-eyed vigilance by the champions of liberty, it seems improbable that they ever will. Sir Richard Mayne would probably have been the first to admit that the pile of silly letters which he found on his office table every morning was really a blessing in disguise.

It is a remarkable fact that Mr. Dilnot can claim this to be the first full and authoritative account of

Scotland Yard ever written. He has done his work carefully, quietly, and dispassionately, always stating both sides of the case and hardly ever allowing his own predilections to appear. He does, however, permit himself to describe the women police, and also the mounted police, as elaborate and costly "toys"—a point on which many people will agree with him.

PARADISE LOST

Notes and Queries. By Arthur Machen. Spurr and Swift. 21s.

MR. ARTHUR MACHEN has done well to republish these papers from the columns of *T.P.'s Weekly*. For, though they deal with a variety of themes—Celtic Magic, Casuistry, the Act of Divination, and what not—a certain unity of conception underlies them all. Whatever may be his subject, Mr. Machen is certain sooner or later—and generally sooner rather than later—to seize the opportunity of telling his readers that he has but little use for modern civilization. The standards of our own time are emphatically not his standards. Prosperous business men, sleek ecclesiastics and party politicians move him alternately to anger and contempt. He may perhaps be at ease in Zion, but he is damnably ill at ease in modern England. With all this there goes the somewhat pathetic belief that England was at one time a fit place for heroes—and indeed for people not noticeably heroic—to live in. "I remember," he writes in one of these papers, "a little valley in the West of England, which I have not seen for many years":

When I visited this place twenty years ago it held, I suppose, some four or five homesteads: two farms, let us say, and three cottages. One of these farms was a freehold, the other was rented to a considerate landlord, and each of the cottagers had a bit of land of his own. These people all worked hard but worked healthily; they lived plainly, but they lived wholesomely, and I do not think that a little discreet poaching in the shining brook was very severely visited. Their houses, farms, and cottages were sturdy buildings of the sixteenth century, pleasant to look at and pleasant to live in; in a word, the valley was not Avalon, but it was a worthy human place enough. And now, if I revisited that valley, I might very likely find the clear brook transmuted into a black scum-sewer, great chimneys vomiting poisonous smoke into the air, the goodly old houses and their orchards and gardens replaced by rows of mean, jerry-built houses, by emporiums of margarine, and vile cagmag, and bad drink, and every kind of abomination.

Belike—since that is indeed the drift of modern "progress." None the less, we cannot avoid the suspicion that Mr. Machen's memory has been playing tricks with him. The demons of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness have been known to find lodgment in the unlikely spots. We ourselves could introduce Mr. Machen to a village which even to-day answers more or less to the description of his peaceful valley—a village in which poaching is not regarded as the unpardonable sin and where some at least of the workers own their little plots of land. It is far from being an abode of rural contentment.

In his main contention, however, Mr. Machen appears to us to be entirely right. It is true that the advent of a margarine emporium does not imply a fuller and richer life for the inhabitants of any district, and it is equally true that sunshine is always to be preferred to smoke. Mr. Machen is right, too, in the larger contention that underlies these complaints of his. Despite the disclaimers of Modernist Bishops, the Fall of Man remains one of the most persistent facts of human experience. That sense of something lost, of a Paradise not yet regained, to which Wordsworth gave expression when he wrote that

There has passed away a glory from the earth
is the secret which lies at the heart of that abiding reality which we are apt to call Fairyland. And Mr. Machen is at least realist enough to be on the side of the fairies.

AN EPIC OF MOUNTAINEERING

The Epic of Mount Everest. By Sir Francis Younghusband. Arnold. 7s. 6d.

THE three Mount Everest Expeditions have done much to bring home to the public the inexplicable existence of a large body of men whose chief aim in life is the climbing of mountains. They may even have done something to explain this kink in human nature. Sir Francis Younghusband should have left it at this. A hill, he suggests, is a challenge to us; to climb pleases our vanity; the views thus to be obtained are beautiful; the beating of records is a pursuit pleasing to all human beings; the scientific value of high climbing is undoubted; the spirit may even be afflicted by a constant desire to prove its superiority to mere matter. But all this is beside the point, however true it may be. Men climb because it is fun to climb and beyond this only a psychologist need go.

To rationalize his hobby is a pursuit dear to the heart of the literary mountaineer. Sir Francis falls, but recovers himself quickly. He was the first chairman of the Mount Everest Committee and his account of the organization of the first expedition is written with authority. It clears up many misconceptions which had arisen not only in lay minds. Thereafter he proceeds to a straightforward and always engrossing description of the expeditions themselves. But he does not content himself with a mere sequence of events. The difficulties of the ascent were not understood even by the most experienced Himalayan climbers. Before 1921 the highest point reached by man was 24,600 feet, and his feelings beyond this point were a matter of conjecture. Physiologists held various opinions, and those who were consulted by the expedition were inclined to believe that acclimatization would not occur above 20,000 feet. But Sir Francis is wrong in suggesting that they were dogmatic in this opinion; and to suggest that they came to a wrong conclusion because they concentrated too greatly on the physics and chemistry, and not enough on the spirit, of man is buncombe. They were wrong because their physics and chemistry were wrong, and for no other reason. But it was this ignorance of the conditions under which the expeditions were working which caused much ill-informed criticism at home, and Sir Francis's book does valuable work in explaining many changes in plan which were not understood in England. His criticisms are often outspoken, but always sympathetic, and his deductions from the experience gained from the three expeditions are sound. In particular, let it be remembered that "oxygen has been the bane of Everest Expeditions."

To the layman 'The Epic of Mount Everest' will probably be the first book about mountains he has ever enjoyed. To him it will appear as a record of a great adventure told, as such stories should be, straightforwardly and, almost, without heroics. To the mountaineer it will appear as a valuable work of criticism and an essential epilogue to the three official volumes which have preceded it.

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NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

Sasha Jigouloff. By Leonid Andreyev. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.*Lovers.* By Mrs. Harrod. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.*Our Wiser Sons.* By Ralph Straus. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

A RUSSIAN lady once told me that the Russians could never have committed the atrocities attributed to them in the Revolution, because, though they had the inclination for massacre, they lacked the nerve. The Jews, she said, possessed both. I did not find the argument very convincing, and yet here, in Andreyev's account of the Russian character, there is a good deal of evidence to support it. Evidence, that is, to show that the Russians were afraid of taking life, but even more abundant evidence of their ability, once the quarry was in sight, to shelve their timidity and see the bloody business through. Afterwards come tears, protestations, prayers, and interminable discussions as to whether the guilt inherent in the deed can be said to infect its author's soul. These abasements and exaltations we follow with what patience we can. A little more restraint in the first place, we think, a little less time and trouble given to the acquiring of arms, the mustering of *désœuvrés* desperadoes, and the marking of likely country-houses on maps—and Sasha Pogodin might have lived on with his mother and sister, ignorant that he had a soul at all. After all, no one is compelled to commit murder. Andreyev, however, thinks differently:

Sasha Pogodin, [he says] a noble and unhappy youth, died an awful and shameful death, to which he had been predestined by those who had lived before and had burdened Russia with their sins.

If we are to accept Andreyev's estimate of his hero, clearly we must put aside Western notions, and regard murder, if not as one of the fine arts, then as a necessary school of character. Otherwise Sasha Jigouloff will appear a kind of Jonathan Wild the Great, a social outcast, prime gallows-meat. And as such, in spite of his claims to be a benefactor of society (like Robin Hood he robbed the rich and gave to the poor) Fielding would undoubtedly have portrayed him. "In Russia," says Maxim Gorki in his foreword, "one may kill a human being in a spirit of vengeance or in a state of violent passion just as easily and frequently as from deeply idealistic motives." We are glad to be assured that ordinary criminal propensities still obtain in Russia, that there are cases in which our sympathy may justly pass from the murderer to the murdered. But as regards 'Sasha Jigouloff' itself, Gorki's statement is less satisfactory. Of the ease and frequency with which Jigouloff littered the landscape with his victims there is no question; it is the deeply idealistic motive which we are uncertain about. Supposing he were just a natural cut-throat, a self-willed stripling spoilt by a sheltered life, tyrannical but timid, once the despot of the nursery, burning to indulge his imagination, too weak in fibre to withstand his imagination when it turned against him? Why should we sympathize with the green-sickness of a callow conscience? And why, above all, should this over-emotionalized adolescent be promoted to the stature of a tragic figure, and made to illustrate a point of ethics? "Dostoevski's 'Raskolnikov,'" remarks Gorki, "is a true type of a Russian." It is true that Dostoevski's genius was able to extract from the most unpromising quarter the material of a moral problem, and the force and weight of the problem persists in spite of the hysteria and extravagance in which it is embedded. But Andreyev is not equal to the task. As a character his Jigouloff is excellent. We feel his intransi-

gence, the force of his fanaticism: we see why his band at first obeyed him, and why they afterwards deserted him. His loneliness and remorse and sudden panics are admirably portrayed. But he is not the stuff of which heroes are made, and whenever Andreyev tries to link his fate to questions of universal importance the chain immediately snaps. If he represents Russia he represents that side of the national character which is quick to shed blood, and as quick in finding arguments of self-justification. Jigouloff was not content with an ordinary humdrum life; he craved emotional excitement; to be in a state of sin alarmed him but flattered his self-importance. He imagined himself the centre of vital spiritual issues; he thought that if he joined the criminal classes the moral order would be shaken to its foundations. He commits his first murder titillated, one supposes, by the prospect of the dark night of the soul which is to follow it. But the moral order takes little cognizance of his facile posturings; and the organ-notes with which Andreyev celebrates his death are, one feels, much too grand for the occasion. He was an assassin, and died like a dog. Russian literature provides many impressive voluntaries for picturesque criminals such as he.

'Lovers' is an enchanting, baffling, exasperating book. The story is simple. The heroine, Halska Bennisson, daughter of an English diplomat married to a Polish wife, suddenly finds herself destitute. She becomes a mannequin, and shares a room with a "work-girl" from Lancashire. Their conversations suggest an encounter between Meredith and Henry James:

"A moulting hen!" she repeated, coming back to Judith's remark. "He is not that at any rate!"

"Oh! no, he struts fully feathered!"

"Ah! I hate you. . . . He doesn't strut, he limps!"

"For your favour!"

"He tries not to!"

"He finds that adds pathos!"

"You'd hammer nails into your best friend's head—you should have been named Jael!"

The subject of these bright exchanges, an amorous impecunious soldier, proves to be the axle on which the plot turns. Mrs. Harrod, after treating time and place with scant ceremony for several chapters, suddenly pays court to both; sets Halska in the country-house of a rich relation who had once loved her father, and arranges that the theft of a diamond bracelet belonging to one of the guests should be imputed to her. Among much that is improbable in this curious story the behaviour of her fellow-visitors to Halska comes easily first: they suspect her, and spare no pains to make her uncomfortable. Challenged, she replies like the Delphic pythoness in what seem to be riddles. She refuses to let the police inspector open her black box; she feels his hands would desecrate it. She invites suspicion. The son of the house, who loves her, cannot believe in her, and we, with the best will in the world, put down her conduct to some vagary of the Polish temperament. But her incredible story was true. A woman did come . . . intimately related to Captain Halston . . . and was found dead in a shrubbery. . . . The guests slip away like guilty things reproved, and the house-party breaks up.

The story, then, is only remotely connected with evidence as we know it. But Mrs. Harrod's method of presentation, sensitive, wilful, whimsical, capricious, has immense charm. Though she owes homage to James and Meredith she has a property of her own, full of exotic and exquisite flowers; epigrams, metaphors, delicate perceptions. Her mind effects a fusion between the abstract and the concrete; she can dissolve the most immitigable substances in the crucible of her imaginative experience. Her characters are seldom in agreement, but always in contact; her tentative oblique dialogue thrills with the exciting sense of the encroachment of one personality upon another. She uses the materials of conventional

life to form patterns of her own contriving; very beautiful, subtle and original these patterns are.

'Our Wiser Sons' is an ironical romance, exhibiting the caprices of the artistic temperament. Its untimely visitations play havoc with three generations of a respectable family, rich in the proprietorship of a patent food. The shafts of Mr. Straus's agreeable malice hit, but do not wound, the bosoms of business men and Bohemians alike.

OTHER NOVELS

The Girl in Black. By Victor Bridges. Mills and Boon. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Bridges opens his story with all the requirements—as his hero says—of melodrama, a beautiful heroine, a mysterious piece of paper, and at least three unknown gentlemen, none of whom was apparently hampered by any morbid inclination to stick at trifles. Add to this a hero of considerable means, with a good friend and a good man-servant, and the stage is set for a succession of hair-breadth escapes, kidnapping, forged notes, until the story comes to its appointed end with the inrush of the police at the very crisis of murder, and the clearing up of all misunderstandings. Mr. Bridges is a master of breathless fiction; we read straight on from end to end, as we are intended to do, hurrying from London to the wilds of Essex and back in a whirl of excitement which must not be allowed to cool.

In the Beginning. By Alan Sullivan. Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.

The difficulty of getting modern man into a Pleistocene setting with the least shade of possibility about the story is almost appalling, yet Mr. Sullivan has accomplished the feat with success. Sabre-toothed tigers, giant sloths, and all the extinct fauna of South America are placed in a sheltered valley at the foot of the Andes, which the sea-winds cannot reach, guarded on all sides by impassable barriers. The chief characters are a famous explorer and his daughter, with two rivals for her affection, but when they reach the lost land and find men who have not yet learned the use of fire, one of them reverts to the primeval savagery of the hunter, and leaves his friends. There is some good fighting, and the science is like enough to the real thing to be convincing and, instead of being tedious, to add to the interest.

The Wild Bird. By M. S. Lane. Milford. Oxford University Press. 6s.

This, too, is adventure, but of a milder type, as befits its audience. The time is that of the battle of Worcester, the scene is the West Country, and the adventure is that of aiding in the escape of Charles II. The Wild Bird is a young woman living with her aunt in a country house, under suspicion of Royalist sympathies, but at present undisturbed. A wounded cavalier, a secret chamber, outlaws on a wild and blasted heath, an innocent, and best of all a wild ride across country on an errand for the King, make up a first-rate book of its kind.

¶ Acrostic Competitors are reminded that solutions must reach us by the first post on the Friday following the date of publication. Solutions which reach us by a later post are automatically disqualified.

LITERARY NOTES

ONE of the most important literary biographies of the New Year, it may safely be predicted, will be Mr. Michael Sadleir's book on Anthony Trollope, which Messrs. Constable are publishing. The revival of Trollope's reputation has been proceeding for quite two decades; it will probably continue. No one is likely to be so carried away by him as to indulge in the rhapsodical over-praise which evokes protest, and the circle of readers alive to his extraordinary success within the limits set by his temperament and ambition, will probably go on widening without check. Mr. Sadleir's book ought to assist that increase in Trollope's public.

The James Tait Black Memorial Prize for 1926 has been awarded to Mr. Geoffrey Scott for his book, *The Portrait of Zelide*. This prize, unlike most similar distinctions, is conferred by a single judge, but a vote by any competent literary jury would very likely have favoured the same book. There are those who condemn literary prizes, and indeed there is a good deal to be said against them, but they do serve to bring to the notice of the man in the street works of distinction which he would otherwise not even know by name. Perhaps some future founder of a literary prize will have perception enough to subsidize continuous publicity for the prize winners.

The learning of the scholar whom we now know as Sir Charles Walston would seem seldom to have been better employed than in *Alcamenes*, an essay, just published by the Cambridge University Press, in which he seeks to prove that the turning-point in the establishment of the classical type in Greek art was in the period 475-450 B.C., and especially in the western pediment of the Temple of Zeus at Olympia, the work of a single sculptor, Alcamenes. The book has over 200 illustrations.

Mr. Charles E. Russell's *English Mezzotint Portraits and their States* (limited edition, £10 10s.) has been issued this week. It is a catalogue of corrections of and additions to Chaloner Smith's *British Mezzotint Portraits*. The two volumes, which represent an immense amount of work, are in typography and binding very creditable to the publishers, Messrs. Halton and Truscott Smith, but, though we can see the reason for it, we rather regret the discrepancy in size. The reproductions of mezzotints are superb.

The Jewish Publication Society of America is about to issue a history of the Jews by Dr. Max Margolis and Dr. Alexander Marx. We are informed that this work takes account not only of the political history of the Jews but of every branch of Jewish culture.

The London Weekly, a periodical conducted by Dr. Haden Guest, which appears for the first time this week, deserves a welcome as an attempt to treat systematically of the affairs of the British Empire without reference to the programme of any one party.

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SHORTER NOTICES

On Writing and Writers. By Sir Walter Raleigh. Being Extracts from his Note-Books, Selected and Edited by George Gordon. Arnold. 6s.

ALTHOUGH too fragmentary to call for sustained discussion, this is a volume by no means to be disregarded. It might be objected that it contains criticisms rather than criticism, but it has a lightness of touch and at the same time a depth of penetration not always to be found in its author's more formal works. There he seemed sometimes to take himself too seriously; his style, even his thought, became almost stiff with gravity. Here he is completely at his ease, no more than pencilling lecture-notes for personal use only, and yet, to quote his own description of good writing, "sincere, lucid, and vivacious." He writes—but it is talk rather than writing—of past authors as of familiar friends; even when he does no more than jot down a series of comments each one is illuminating from one angle or another. He is, indeed, at his best in treating of individuals, saying truly that "I am never quite at ease when I get away from the live men," and the most valuable as well as the most readable pages of this collection are those dealing with Chaucer, Lamb, Hazlitt, Landor, and Macaulay. The chapters on Composition, Letter-writing, Romanticism, and Criticism contain excellent material, but their incompleteness is more apparent. Professor Gordon's admirable editing has produced a volume not only well worth reading and possessing, but which finally may prove to be among the most enduring of the books of the late Sir Walter Raleigh.

Stranger than Fiction. By H. Greenhough Smith. Newnes. 2s.

IN these thrills of history the author has selected thirteen romances of real life, and presented them with practical skill and the due economy of the literary artist. Some of these stories are well known to readers, others, such as that of Jenny Savalette, who passed a whole lifetime as a woman, but was a man, and who has been thought to be the Dauphin of the French Revolution, are quite unfamiliar.

Ben Watson. By C. J. Cutcliffe-Hyne. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday. Country Life. 10s. 6d.

MR. CUTCLIFFE-HYNE is a Yorkshireman who knows the canny humour of the dalesman through and through. In Ben Watson he has drawn a delightful character, not on the same plane as Captain Cuttle, but a man we are glad to meet. Ben is a sportsman. "In all the picture books of all the birds of all the world there's nothing as handsome as a two-year-old cock grouse, and they eat even better than they look." But Ben shoots for the London market. The story of how he decoys his neighbour's rabbits to his own warren is a capital one, and evidently told from life. There may also be truth in the trick he played on Mr. Murgatroyd, whereby he won a fiver from that cautious business man. Port was one of Ben's weaknesses. "Port's a thing," said he, "that draws together people who appreciate it almost as much as grouse-shooting does." And talking of grouse, we wish he had explained why, according to epicures, grouse from Yorkshire moors are better eating than birds from any other part of the British Isles. Ben is a maker of iron railings when he has not a gun on his shoulder, and his remarks on business are as humorous as those on sport. We get the atmosphere of the dales and moors in Mr. Holiday's drawings. This, we understand, is Ben's first appearance between covers; it should not be his last.

Suffolk Sea-Borders. By H. Alker Tripp ('Leigh Hoe'). The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.

IN his book, 'Shoalwater and Fairway,' Mr. H. Alker Tripp discovered to his readers the fact that he possessed most of the qualities that go to the making of the complete yachtsman. Those qualities are perhaps even more apparent in 'Suffolk Sea-Borders,' which is a record of a joyous cruise in comparatively unfrequented waters. For the coast towns of Suffolk have suffered a marked decline during the course of the last few centuries. Time's effacing hand has made short work of many of the once proud seaports. "Woodbridge, Goseford, Orford, Aldeburgh and Dunwich"—so we are reminded by Mr. Tripp—"have either disappeared or have ceased to rank as serious seaports at all." Yet though much of their glory has departed their picturesqueness remains, and something at least of that picturesqueness has been conveyed in the author's admirable drawings. There is a freshness and a gusto about this book that will commend it to many readers.

Anglo-Catholic Lives of the Saints: January. By Gerard Sampson. C. R. Mowbray. 1s.

THIS is the first of twelve small volumes in which it is proposed to record the biographies of some of the greater saints of the Catholic Church. Among those included in the present selection are St. Agnes, St. Fabian, St. Polycarp and St. Francis de Sales. Father Sampson has executed his task as biographer with admirable tact and discrimination—qualities that are not always to be found in the work of the average biographer. There appears to

us, however, to be a touch of bathos in the concluding clause of the prayer which is appended to the account of St. Talesphorus, Pope and Martyr. It runs as follows:—"Grant, that as we now celebrate his birthday, so we may continually enjoy his protection."

Spenser. By Emile Lagouis. Dent. 4s. 6d.

PROFESSOR LAGOUIS has long since established a position as one of the most acute and penetrating foreign critics of English literature and poetry. His reputation will be upheld—if not, indeed, enhanced—by the publication of this volume, which consists of six lectures delivered at the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore. M. Lagouis passes lightly over the leading events in Spenser's career and proceeds to a consideration of his work. The passages in which he describes, and endeavours to explain, the conflict between the Puritan and the pagan elements in Spenser's temperament and its influence upon the development of his art are among the most illuminating in the volume. His final conclusion is that Spenser, while owing something to Ariosto, added to that influence "earnestness of endeavour rather than depth of moral significance, and left it to Milton, the admirer of the 'Fairy Queen,' to attempt, in his turn, and almost succeed, in the difficult task of reconciliation between Paganism and Christianity, between Beauty and Virtue." Taken as a whole, the book is an important contribution to English critical literature—assuredly, none the less so, in that its author happens to be a Frenchman.

British Birds. By Archibald Thorburn. Longmans. Vol. IV. 16s.

WITH this volume the new three-guinea Thorburn is complete. The standard set by its predecessors is well maintained, and what has been said about them as they appeared applies to the book as a whole, which is better in one or two respects than his more sumptuous work of 1915. A plate is given of the majority of species on the British list, and though no artist is infallible, few achieve the perfect likeness, even half so often as Mr. Thorburn. The retention of a definitely obsolete nomenclature and classification is a regrettable defect; the text on the whole is hardly worthy of the illustrations, which, apart from a tendency to washiness in the background tints, particularly the blues of sea and sky, are well painted and well reproduced. To judge by the striking success of the more costly editions, this book is likely to do as much to further the love of birds among the next generation as Gilbert White or Bewick before it. This is as it should be, for the brightness of Mr. Thorburn's illustrations appeals at once to everyone, but it needs an ornithologist to appreciate their faithfulness.

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THE CONNOISSEUR

OLD DOMESTIC GLASS

THE study of old glass made for domestic purposes, whether for use or ornament, has, until quite recently, received insufficient attention. Mr. Wilfred Buckley's new book, 'European Glass,' recently issued by Messrs. Benn, is therefore welcome. It contains a foreword by Mr. Bernard Rackham and a chapter on 'Diamond Engraving,' by Dr. Ferrand Hudig; as in all Mr. Buckley's writings the spade-work is good, and he gives some valuable details, but though useful as a book of reference it adds little to our present knowledge and leaves many gaps in the history of the ware which need filling. As the book contains only some 140 pages of text and 110 half-tone plates, the price of four guineas seems excessive, especially as the edition is apparently not limited.

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The Romans during their occupation of the country established glass-works in England, and manufactured articles of common use; whether they also produced any of the finer types of glass which they are known to have made at that time in Gaul and elsewhere is doubtful, though several of such pieces have been found here.

After the departure of the Romans hardly anything is known of the manufacture of glass in England until the time of the Tudors. Before that period the glass made at Murano and L'Altare, a town in Liguria, had become famous, and workmen from these places had migrated throughout Europe, though the Venetian Republic in 1454 passed a statute directing drastic penalties against any workman who transported his craft abroad. As early as 1399 Venetian glass is stated to have been imported into England, and in 1549 eight glass-makers from Murano came to work here; later one Verzelini, a Venetian, received *circa* 1575 a monopoly for twenty-one years of making glasses "*façon de Venise*." About 1567 there was an incursus from the Low Countries of glass-workers, who established factories throughout the South of England, but these were chiefly occupied in making window glass for which a large demand had sprung up. After the departure of the Venetian craftsmen, Verzelini's glass-house in Crutched-Friars was taken over by Sir Jerome Bowes in 1592, and later on Sir Robert Mansel and George Ravenscroft (who put his seal on the glasses he made) were prominent English makers of glass. In 1615 an Act was passed for the protection of the iron-makers, which prohibited the use of wood as a fuel for the manufacture of glass; as a counter-balance the same Act also rigorously interdicted the importation of foreign glass. Our manufacturers, driven to the use of coal as a fuel, of necessity reconstituted the formulæ of their raw materials, and thus gradually evolved a form of lead-glass which, as exemplified in our early baluster glasses, produced a typically English ware of great beauty and brilliance. The merit of these products was such that towards the end of the seventeenth century English workmen were engaged to go to Liège and elsewhere in the Low Countries to make "*Verres à l'Angleterre*." Later on in the eighteenth century, among the many types produced, the cut glass of England and Ireland is distinctive and of considerable artistic merit as regards metal and work.

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As I have said, but little attention was paid to the history of glass-making in our country until, in 1897, Mr. Albert Hartshorne produced his book on 'Old English Glasses,' which, in spite of much knowledge

that has recently come to light, remains a classic on the subject. Later on appeared Mr. Edward Dillon's valuable work on 'Glass,' and more recently Mr. Wilfred Buckley, who had previously written one or two monographs on particular branches of this study, produced his 'History of old English Glass,' which contains a great deal of valuable information. There are also some useful museum hand-books, and the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum, of course, contain magnificent collections of glasses of all countries and periods. The exhibit of glass at the last-named Museum has recently been strengthened by the bequest of the Rees Price collection, and there are also at present on loan there glasses belonging to Mr. Joseph Bles, Mr. H. C. Beck, Mrs. E. C. Ellis, and also Sir Courtenay Musgrave's historic goblet of Western Asian origin known as "The Luck of Edenhall."

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As regards glass made abroad this is a subject with a very wide range. The discovery of glass-making—probably in Egypt or Phoenicia *circa* 1600 B.C.—the evolution of the processes employed, from the original method of moulding on a core of sandy paste to the use of the blowing-iron and other improvements, and the spreading of the art to the neighbouring countries, constitute too vast a question to be dealt with here. Owing to the constant migration of workmen from one country to another it is often difficult to establish the *provenance* of a specimen, though the identification of local influence and materials may often come to our aid in such an investigation. We also have still much to learn on many points such as, for instance, the glasses of Egypt and China, and the magnificent so-called Saracenic ware produced in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Much research is yet necessary and later on there will be room for a really well-done *magnum opus* on glass.

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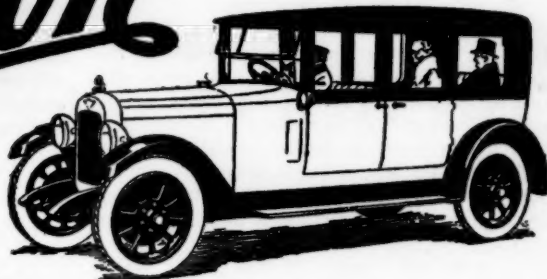
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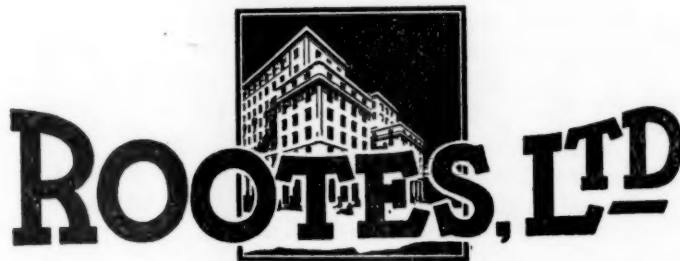
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MOTORING

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BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

DURING the past year progress in details of the equipment of motor-carriages has been the prominent feature rather than any great changes in actual design. Therefore, in a retrospect of the improvements made in motor-carriages during the past twelve months attention is naturally concentrated on such items as better control of the cooling of the engine, appliances for obviating dazzling lights and indicators to warn other cars of the driver's movements. As regards the cooling of the engine water circulating pipes of a larger diameter, freer water passages in the jackets of the cylinders and increased area of cooling surface of the radiator have been the means adopted. The result is that most cars are over-cooled in the winter months and so radiator mufflers, shutters of various designs and thermostat controls have been applied to the latest designs of cars to correct this excessive cooling. The high-class and more expensive motor-carriages incorporate either shutters or short-circuiting thermostat-control valves in the water-cooling system. Some cars have both these equipments.

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It has been left to the owners of other types of cars to provide their own equipment to overcome this overcooling of the engine. The result is that there is a multiplicity of devices available to meet the situation. Louvre shutters of metal slats

controlled by the driver to regulate the amount of air to vie with the cloth roller blind that can be drawn over part of or the whole of the face of the radiator. Both are so arranged that the driver can keep the temperature of the water at the desired degree of heat by adjusting these shutters or blinds according to the level of the monometer on the radiator, or the thermometer on the dashboard. Makeshift devices such as radiator mufflers, sheets of metal or cardboard affixed behind the radiator, are effective, but do not permit of any delicate control and entail the driver's leaving the seat of the car to adjust them.

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So much has been written on the question of dazzling lights and safety that little need be added here. From the selfish point of view of the driver in which the safety of the car driven and its occupants is paramount the dipping head-lamp system appears not to dazzle others and yet allows good driving light. Other methods that are efficacious are a separate fog light fixed low down on the near side front axle, powerful enough in its lighting capacity to illuminate the way ahead when the head-lamps are shut off, or a spot light fixed on the near-side pillar of the front windscreen that throws its beam of light on the near side kerb. These, as is the case generally of dipping head-lights, are extras that motor-carriage owners have to buy and get fitted on their cars, as, with few exceptions, such equipment is not a standard fitting. To these devices may be added a large number of purely anti-dazzling lenses and lamps of special construction that benefit other users of the road but somewhat lessen the actual driving light to the cars so fitted when compared to the ordinary unscreened head-lamps—unless higher candle-power bulbs are fitted.

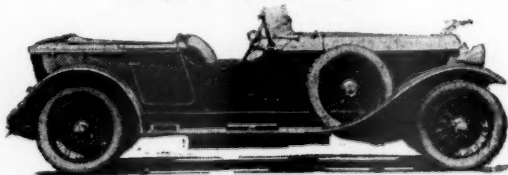
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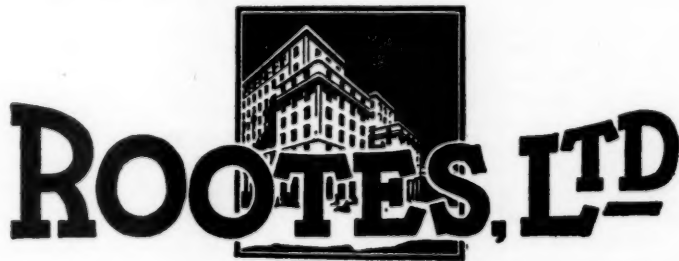
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE past year has treated the Stock Exchange very fairly in view of the exceptional happenings that disturbed, not merely the trade, but the general life of the community. A general strike and a coal stoppage in this country, a panic in France over the fall in the franc, wholesale financial losses due to too speedy a recovery in its value, and grave disorders in China, all were excuses for general Stock Market depression. In spite of them the Stock Exchange has pursued the even tenor of its way, and prices have refused to slump though there were adequate reasons for considerable depression. 1926 deserves kind remembrances from us all. It has proved definitely that the investor of to-day is far wiser than his father of yesterday in that he refuses to "panic." It is not that the individual investor has changed his ways, but that his ranks have been swollen by the addition of millions of small capitalists who, being spread throughout the country, do not follow one another like sheep, as was the case in pre-war days when the number of Stock Exchange operations was limited to a comparatively small section of the population who followed their leaders with a monotonous persistence that caused markets to be all one way. In place of a small number of large investors, we have a large number of small investors, which makes for more stable markets. This fact is being realized and those concerned are attempting to cater for their new clientele. An excellent example of this has been provided quite recently in the case of the Nottingham Corporation Loan. Here the number of small investors was so large that after allotting £50 of stock to all who applied for this amount, and £100 to all who applied for amounts up to £1,000, nothing was left over for larger applicants. Those responsible for the issue have thus learned the lesson of 1926. It is in the interests of the country that small investors should be encouraged to participate in first-class issues, but in the past their patronage has generally been solicited in indifferent or speculative directions. The change was overdue but apparently it has arrived.

THE PAST YEAR

Examining prices at the end of 1926 and comparing them with those ruling at the beginning of the year, we find some interesting facts. How steady the Gilt-Edged market has remained despite difficult times is illustrated by the fact that War Loan was 100½, and Conversion 75½ at the beginning of the year. The outstanding feature in the market has been the growth in popularity of Corporation Loans, to which I have already referred, which change is due to the praiseworthy and intelligent methods pursued by The Corporation and General Securities, Limited. Comparative newcomers in this direction of financial activity, in establishing themselves as the leading House for the issue of Corporation Loans, they have taught their predecessors a very salutary lesson. Among the Colonial Loans the feature has been the temporary unpopularity of Australian Loans; I say temporary, because I expect them in due course to re-establish themselves now that the requirements of the British investor in the form of more adequate prospectus information is realized.

HOME RAILS

Home Rails have suffered in traffics owing to the coal strike, but prices do not compare very unfavourably with those ruling at the beginning of last year, the heavy fall in prices having occurred in 1925. The worst troubles here should now be over.

FOREIGN LOANS

Turning to foreign loans those known as the reconstruction loans have continued to gain in popularity. This is a definite sign that the re-settlement of Europe on sound financial lines has continued to progress. The League of Nations very definitely deserves our gratitude for the excellent results that the efforts of its finance committee have achieved. Austrian 6% have during last year been over par, in January, 1924, the Loan was quoted at 82½%. Hungarian 7½% are 10 points over the quotation ruling in January, 1925, while Czechoslovakian 8% are over 20 points higher than the quotation ruling in January, 1924. Another loan which has re-established itself in the eyes of investors is the City of Budapest 1914 issue, to which reference has frequently been made in these notes. The outstanding new issue in this market made during last year was the Belgian Stabilization Loan, which stands at 9 premium. If further evidence were required as to the progress made in the direction of re-establishing European credit, it is provided in the fact that Bulgaria raised a loan at 92% carrying interest at 7% two days before Christmas, and that the issue was enormously over applied for.

INDUSTRIALS

Turning to Industrials we find a more patchy state of affairs, which is not surprising in view of the definite effects that the labour troubles of 1926 have had on the country's industry. Tobacco shares have continued to grow in popularity as permanent investments, a fact for which the ever increasing profits earned by the Combines and better-known companies is responsible. The outstanding feature in this section has been the generous Bonus distributions of Bats and Carreras, an example Imps are expected to follow in the New Year. Textiles and Iron, Coal and Steel shares have naturally suffered owing to the coal stoppage. Artificial Silk shares after being under a cloud throughout the year have recently shown signs of reviving interest. Courtaulds which were £7 at the beginning of the year have been something of a disappointment. Newspaper shares have been in renewed demand, and start 1927 in a buoyant manner in anticipation of bonus distributions. Store shares have throughout the year been a centre of activity and many businesses have changed hands at what appear to be over-valued levels. Electricity and Telephone Companies have also grown in popularity, and the future for this market appears hopeful.

OILS

Oil shares, generally speaking, show substantial rises during last year, the outstanding exception being British Controlled, the debacle in which has proved so costly to investors of all classes. Anglo-Persian started the recent revival, which bids fair to continue into 1927. The most sensational rise has been that registered by Apex Trinidad Oilfields, which were only 2½ at the beginning of the year and are now well over £6.

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102-TON AUX. SCHOONER, 90 ft. x 16 ft. 6 ins. x 6 ft. draught. Built of steel 1921. Hot bulb engine. Electric light. Two saloons, 4 staterooms, bath, etc. Excellent sea-boat. Seen Holland. Price £5,000. Folio A1,297.

50-TON KETCH, built and designed by Fife; oak, pine and teak; 64 ft. 8 ins. O.A., 13 ft. 3 ins. beam, 6 ft. 9 ins. draught. Nethercote sails in splendid condition. Standing and running gear as new; 2 dinghies; 3 cabins, 1 double and 2 single, 4 berths; 6 ft. headroom; 2 additional berths on saloon settees; 4 bunks in forecabin; good pantry; 2 w.c.'s; 2 baths under cabin floor. Everything in splendid condition. Price £1,800. Folio S1,001.

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ACROSTICS

To allow increased space for Answers to Correspondents, the Rules for Acrostic Competition are on occasion omitted. They always, however, appear at least once a month.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 250

WHAT'S HIDDEN IN OUR PILLARS TWAIN?
MY ANNUAL GREETING THEY CONTAIN.

1. Gladly one treads it* after stormy crossing.
2. In it we saw a fragile shallop tossing.
3. A handmaid now, though once a monarch's wife.
4. The ancients deemed that I could loosen strife.
5. The Day brings hope: this, then, we will not be!
6. Lizard, or dragon of the primal sea.
7. Surmount it, if you find one in your track.
8. Transpose a dumpy bird not wholly black.
9. As other folk's behaviour 'tis defined.
10. Unnatural outgrowth upon bark or rind.
11. A copy painted by the master's hand.
12. Child of a small, but fair and famous land.

* *T. J. L.*

Solution of Acrostic No. 248

L	u	Ce ¹
A	lbin	O
V	egatio	N
O	x-eye	D ²
I	glo	O
S	choone	R
I	sobarometri	C
E	we-chees	E ³
R	hapsodis	T

¹ The Pike is so called in Heraldry.

² "Homer useth that epithet of *ox-eyed* in describing Juno, because a round black eye is the best."

Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

³ See the *Odyssey*, Bk. 9.

ACROSTIC No. 248.—The winner is Mrs. Norman Touche, 7 Dawson Place, W.2, who has selected as her prize 'Stories and Dramas,' by Leo N. Tolstoy, published by Dent, and reviewed in our columns on December 18 under the title of 'New Fiction.'

ALSO CORRECT.—Baldersby, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Cygnet, Dodeka, John Lennie, Margaret, Met, N. O. Sellam, Quis, Sisyphus, Stucco, Mrs. Gordon Touche, Yendu.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ape, Armadale, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Ruth Carrick, Maud Crowther, Dolmar, East Sheen, Gay, Jerboa, Jop, Kirkton, Lillian, Martha, George W. Miller, Trike, C. J. Warden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, Ceyx, J. Chambers, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Dhualt, Eyelet, Cyril E. Ford, Peter, F. M. Petty, St. Ives, Yewden. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 247.—One Light wrong: A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, Kirkton, Lady Mottram. Two Lights wrong: Chaliley. A. de V. BLATHWAYT, LILLIAN, MARGARET, OAKAPPLE.—Solutions of No. 248 were received late, but are now duly acknowledged. Many thanks for kind wishes, which are reciprocated.

CYRIL E. FORD.—But is it permissible to speak of *seeking* another person's affairs?

ACROSTIC No. 247.—Also correct: Armadale, Baldersby, Brevis, Mrs. Robert Brown, C. H. Burton, Mrs. J. Butler, Ceyx, J. Chambers, Dhualt, D. L., Doric, Gay, Hanworth, Jhasso, Lillian, Madge, Margaret, Met, F. M. Petty, Quis, Shorwell, Sisyphus, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Varach, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ape, Carlton, Ruth Carrick, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, East Sheen, Eyelet, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, J. B., Jop, George W. Miller, Oakapple, Peter, Stucco, Trike, W. R. Wolseley, Yewden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Mrs. Boothroyd, Reginald P. Eccles, Mrs. A. Lole, Martha, N. O. Sellam, R. Ransom, Rho Kappa, St. Ives, J. Sutton, Mrs. Donovan Touche, Mrs. Gordon Touche, Yendu, All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 246.—Correct: Armadale, John Lennie, Oakapple, Lillian, Margaret, Jop, Iago, A. de Blathwayt, St. Ives. One Light wrong: Met, J. Parson. Two Lights wrong: H. de R. Morgan.

ARMADALE (and J. LENNIE).—The Light reads "as good," not "as fine." A badly behaved, thieving cur (see Act iv, sc. 4) is certainly not a good dog.

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Company Meeting

THE INVERESK PAPER COMPANY

FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Inveresk Paper Company, Ltd., was held on December 23, in Edinburgh.

Mr. William Harrison, LL.B. (the Chairman), said that since the last annual meeting there had been important changes in the capitalisation of the company. Twelve months ago the issued capital was £350,000, and since then they had two issues, whereby the capital had been increased to £1,200,000. Owing to the terms on which these issues were made they had been able to place £487,928 to the credit of the reserve fund, bringing the total of the reserve up to £537,928. The issues referred to were made for the purpose of enabling the company to purchase the various businesses referred to in the directors' report.

FUTURE EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS.

At the meeting held only two months ago he stated that the directors estimated the gross earnings of the company and its associated concerns in a normal year at approximately £1,000,000, and he saw no reason to-day to alter that calculation. After meeting all necessary deductions in their own and the associated companies on what appeared to them a conservative basis, they looked for a net credit balance of about £400,000 per annum available for creating reserves and paying dividends. With this year's appropriation the general reserve fund would stand at £550,000, or nearly the total of the issued ordinary share capital. He felt sure that they might anticipate that the future dividends on the present increased ordinary share capital should be of a very satisfactory nature and in excess of this year's dividend of 25 per cent.

Shareholders had doubtless read in the Press reports of the sale which the directors were rumoured to be making of the company's German interests, and he had no doubt that the rumoured price of £7 10s. for each £1 Ordinary share came quite as much as a surprise to the shareholders as it did to the directors. When the rumours first appeared the board promptly issued a denial of their accuracy in the Press, and he thought it desirable again to warn the shareholders against giving credence to unofficial statements. When they were approached by would-be buyers the directors made it absolutely clear that in no circumstances would they sell the Ordinary shares in the International Pulp Company, Ltd., unless the prospective purchasers were prepared to make a binding offer to purchase their participating Preference shares as well. He would ask the shareholders not to question him further at this meeting with regard to the negotiations which were at present actively in progress, but they might rest assured that the moment there was anything to communicate an official announcement would be made to them. If for any reason the sale they were considering should not take place, he would view the position with complete equanimity, knowing as he did the value attaching to what unquestionably were the largest and most up-to-date sulphite pulp mills in the world, located at one of the best commercial ports in Europe.

THE RECENT ACQUISITIONS.

With regard to their two most recent acquisitions—namely, the Illustrated Newspapers and Olive and Partington, Ltd., they had only been in control of their group of illustrated papers for some two months, but as Chairman of the Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., he was pleased to say that he was quite satisfied with the prospects and earning capacity of this great group of illustrated papers. As to Olive and Partington, in which old-established and well-known paper-making concern they had recently purchased the whole of the Ordinary shares, they were busily engaged in installing certain new machinery and plant which would materially add to the earning capacity of the Inveresk Company.

He hoped that when they met a year hence they would be able to review the result of their labours in the midst of national prosperity, which he was certain awaited this country in 1927 if British industry in general would work energetically and harmoniously for the common good.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

JANUARY, 1927

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